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A SONG OF YOUTH.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

CLASP hands! our camp-fire leaps to light
The bending boughs above us.
Clasp hands! We pledge you loyalty,
O royal hearts that love us!

We pledge in love—the wine of life—
In truth, in high endeavor,
And so we weave the mystic ring
That binds our hearts forever.

We strive for all that manhood means,
Its purity and honor;
For high and holy womanhood
With heaven's grace upon her.

We'll live for all that's good and true,
Till, 'neath the stars immortal,
The watch-fire wanes, and hands unclasp
To meet at heaven's portal.

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER I.

DRAFTED.

IT was a hazy day toward the close of November, 188—.

Seven bells had just been struck on board the U. S. Training Ship *Newburyport*, moored stem and stern in the harbor of N——. Sweepers had been piped, and their brooms were already at work, though no dust was visible on the white decks. The apprentices, released from studies and drills, had swarmed up from below, and were amusing themselves as best they could in the half-hour respite before "dinner formation." A fine, healthy set of youths they were, in their neat blue uniforms, which gave full play to their active muscles.

In a roomy office on the starboard side of the upper gun-deck, a lieutenant, in "service dress," was filling a short meerschaum pipe. He was the executive officer, Lieutenant Peters, a heavily-built, middle-aged man, with a thoughtful but kind face. His morning routine was over, and he was just preparing for a comfortable smoke, when the cabin orderly appeared at the door, and saluted.

"The captain would like to see you, sir."

Laying down his pipe with a slight gesture of vexation, the officer went up the companion ladder, and walked aft to the cabin, the door of which was opened by the orderly. The outer room which he entered was unoccupied. He passed through it to the inner apartment—a bright, cheerful cabin, lighted by skylights and windows set in large ports, and neatly furnished. At a table covered with papers sat an officer, of slight but nervous build, wearing a captain's uniform in a negligé fashion, as though too busy, mentally, to think of his dress. He looked up pleasantly as his aid came in.

"O, Peters, sit down! I sent for you on a matter of some urgency. A telegram has just come from the Department, ordering me to send ten more apprentices to the *Scranton*. She is just on the point of sailing for China, you know, and the draft must go by the boat to-night. Can you make the selection, and have the boys' bags overhauled, and the accounts and transfer lists made up in season, do you think? You can send Rogers in charge of the draft."

The executive officer was silent for a moment.

"There will be no difficulty about the papers and accounts," he said, slowly; "the chief difficulty will be in the selection. You know as well as I, sir, that we haven't an apprentice on board this ship fit for transfer. That last draft to the *Gettysburgh* cleaned us out of every body available. We have scarcely a boy who has been under training over two months. This premature transfer business," he added, bitterly, "is simply ruining the system."

"I know it; I know it," said the captain, "and no one is more sorry for it than I. I have written to the bureau over and over again, but—" an expressive shrug and gesture closed the sentence. "Just touch the bell there, and send for the muster-roll, and we will look it over together; we have no time to lose."

The muster-roll was brought from the ship's writer's office, and nine of the names required were, after some deliberation, checked off; the tenth "hung fire."

They were still discussing when the orderly knocked at the door, and entered. He touched his cap, and said,

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"Make it so!" the captain replied, without looking up. The orderly withdrew.

Faintly through the closed door came the strokes of the bell, followed by three prolonged whistles by the boatswain's mates "piping down," and the tramp of the boys marching to dinner. On deck the meal pennant was run up to the crossjack yard-arm.

"Well, Peters, let's finish up the business! Who shall be the tenth candidate for far Cathay?" said the captain, facetiously.

The executive officer was pacing up and down thoughtfully.

"How would Ransom do?" he inquired, hesitatingly.

"What! that red-headed fright? Why, we only shipped him a fortnight ago."

"That's so; but the officer of his division says he has picked up more knowledge in these two weeks than most of the boys do in three months. There's plenty of mischief in him, too; but nothing bad. He hasn't been on the report yet."

"Queer! why, do you know I almost repented shipping him at all, he was such an unlikely specimen, such a country lout—face all freckled, and hair full of hayseed! But the surgeon reported his physical make-up first-class, and his answers to my questions showed that he was no fool; and—"

"Yes, and he has the most honest pair of eyes, I think, I ever saw," said Lieutenant Peters; "and as to his freckles and red hair, they have been toned down by the uniform."

The captain thought for a moment.

"Do the boys pick on him much?"

"They did, for the first week, sir; but he soon cured them."

"How?"

"Well—of course, sir, I am not speaking to you officially now, and the matter did not reach me officially—it seems that Ransom had to run a pretty rough gauntlet first along, but he stood it good-naturedly; then all the bullies in the ship got after him, but he held his own. One day he was standing on the top-gallant forecastle, minding his own business, when that rapscallion Brown came up and struck him in the back, and when Ransom turned around, dared him to fight. The boys thought he was in for it that time and formed a ring; but Ransom bit his lips and said: 'See here, Brown, I can't fight you, for it is against the rules of the ship, but I'll let you know that this nonsense must stop!' And walking up to him quickly, he seized him by the shoulders, put his knee against his waist, and before any one suspected what he was about, flung him over his head backward. Brown went overboard, and his ducking did him good."

The captain's face lighted up with a smile.

"We wont spare him yet," he said; "send"—and he ran his pencil again down the muster-roll—"send Watson."

"Very well, sir; any thing more?" said the executive officer, taking up his memoranda.

"No—wait a moment—where did Ransom come from?"

"From S——, up in New Hampshire, I believe."

"Are his parents living?"

"No, sir; both dead. His father was a minister, or a lawyer, and died when the boy was young. His mother tried to run a farm, and make both ends meet; but she, too, died, about six months ago. The boy was the only one left. He has been staying at an uncle's in the same town, and has always, it seems, had a craze for the sea. You must remember that pretty cousin of his who came down with him to the ship; she couldn't have been twenty, and yet she had the dignity and manners of twenty-five. They say it was pretty tough—the parting scene at the gangway—when 'dear little Ellen,' as he called her, went away."

"Yes, I remember her very well," said the captain; "I had forgotten that she came with him."

As the executive officer left the cabin, he gave a quick glance forward. A number of the boys who had got through dinner were "skylarking" in the fore rigging. Going down to his office, he issued the necessary orders relative to the draft. Then he took a turn forward on the upper gun-deck.

A boy was walking sheepishly up and down, with a "spit-kid" hanging from his neck in front. The officer looked at him for a moment.

"Well, Walters, have you had enough of this?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wont chew tobacco any more, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; take off your badge of punishment, and go below to your dinner."

The boy gladly obeyed.

Farther on the officer encountered two boys standing and embracing each other in a ludicrous fashion, the reason of which was apparent on near view—they had been handcuffed in this position for fighting. The officer paused before them.

"Well, my lads, have you had fighting enough?"

"Yes, sir;" they both replied.

"Made it all up? Every thing right between you now?"

"Yes, sir."

"That will do, then. Messenger, tell the master-at-arms to release Morris and Smith and let them have dinner."

As he walked aft to his office he noticed a boy lying flat down on the deck deeply absorbed in writing a letter. He had taken the cover from a shell-box for a writing-desk. It was Ransom. The officer smiled at the lad's adaptiveness to circumstances, but he said nothing.

Seating himself in his office, he had lighted his pipe, and had relapsed into a dreamy thoughtfulness, lolling back in his chair and gazing vacantly through the open port, when there came a rude interruption.

A sharp cry from the deck above, an ominous thud, a momentary hush, and then a hurrying of feet—he knew at once what it meant. Somebody had fallen from aloft! In an instant he had dropped his pipe and was up the nearest ladder. He reached the circle of horror-stricken boys just as the surgeon forced his way through them. A senseless form lay on the deck, over which the surgeon bent and made a hasty examination.

"Fall back!" said the executive officer, sternly.

The boys retreated.

"Where did he fall from?" he inquired of the officer of the deck.

"From the futtock shrouds, sir; he was skylarking up there when the master-at-arms called him suddenly. I suppose he was a little frightened—thought he had been doing something perhaps, and was going tc be confined."

"Who is he?"

"Boy Watson, sir."

"Watson!" said the executive officer, astonished; "he was to go in the draft to-night to the *Scranton;* all the master-at-arms wanted of him was to overhaul his outfit."

The surgeon rose from his examination and asked the officer of the deck to send for the apothecary and the bay men, and tell them to bring a stretcher.

A messenger was at once dispatched.

"How badly hurt is he, doctor?" inquired the executive officer.

"Well, I can't tell exactly. Both arms are broken, and, I think, both legs—one, a compound fracture. He must have come down like a cat, on all fours."

"Any internal injuries?"

"I cannot determine yet."

The executive officer bent tenderly over the prostrate form and white face of the sufferer for a moment, and then walked aft to the cabin.

The captain was sitting back from the table, smoking a cigar. He looked up inquiringly.

"I am sorry to report to you, sir, that the boy Watson has just fallen from the futtock shrouds, and broken both arms and legs."

The captain laid down his cigar, then resumed it, and puffed vigorously.

"That's a bad business," he finally said; "is the poor fellow suffering much?"

"No, he has not quite come to yet. The surgeon has him in charge, and will do all he can for him, and will report his case more exactly to you, as soon as he determines it."

"Very well; I will go down to the sick bay myself pretty soon."

The executive officer waited for a moment. Then he said, "We shall have to send another boy in his place, sir."

"That's so," the captain replied; "there is no help for it, I suppose; send Ransom."

The officer went below to his office and touched the bell for the ship's writer. A pale young man, in the usual uniform, appeared and saluted.

"Withdraw the name of the boy Watson from the draft, and make out the necessary blanks for the boy Ransom instead."

The ship's writer saluted, and withdrew.

Then the officer touched his bell for his messenger-boy, and told him to find Ransom and send him to the office.

The latter came in a few moments. He had been helping to "light below" the sad burden of his suffering shipmate, and his eyes were moist.

"Well, Ransom, how do you like the service thus far?" said the officer, kindly. He could be very kind, and also very stern.

"I like it very well, sir," the lad replied.

"You are out of debt, I believe?"

"O, yes; my uncle paid for my outfit when I enlisted."

"You wouldn't like to leave us right away, then?"

"No, sir."

"Not to go on a fine cruising ship half-way round the world—to China, say? Through the Mediterranean, and the Suez Canal, and the Indian Ocean?"

"No—yes—I really don't know, sir," said the lad. "I thought I was to stay here for a year at least, sir, and learn to be a sailor," and his large eyes were fixed earnestly upon the officer.

"Well, I am afraid we shall have to part with you. A supplementary draft is going to-night to the *Scranton*. Your name was under consideration—I must say you have done very well since you came here—but the commanding officer fixed upon Watson. His sudden fall has consigned him to the sick bay, and I have orders to send you. I will suggest that you gather up your writing materials out there, and before you close your letter tell your friend that your address for the next three or four months will be 'U. S. S. *Scranton*, care of B. F. Stevens, Esq., No 4 Trafalgar Square, London, England.' Here, I will put it down for you on this card" (he took his pen and wrote rapidly); "when you get to the station, the address will be, 'Yokohama, Japan.'" Then rising, he took the boy by the hand, and said, very kindly, "I wish you well, my lad."

The boy was too astonished to speak. His fingers mechanically clasped those of the officer, and then, with a low bow, he turned and walked forward. Sitting down by his extemporized writing-desk, he gazed vacantly at the deck. His brain was in a whirl. Things were happening so fast with him. Less than three weeks had passed since he left his uncle's home in the quiet country village where his life had been spent. He recalled with what a keen joy he had stepped on the train which was to bear him southward, his fresh interest in all he saw on the way, an interest fully shared, though not so demonstratively expressed, by his sympathetic, but more experienced cousin. They had spent a day in Boston, and the youth's eager eyes had feasted upon every thing. Then they had come to N——, and here a new and complex world had opened before him. The romantic part of his nature had been touched. Here he was to be trained to be a seaman in the navy, and to the boy's imagination no profession in the world seemed to be so noble. There were so many things to be learned, so many details, would he ever master them all? He would try, at least. How proud he had felt when he put on his new uniform! How many questions he had since asked—to the ridicule, it must be confessed, of his boyish shipmates, many of whom had become homesick, or lost the sense of novelty, or chafed at the confinement and routine. With what avidity he had treasured up every scrap of knowledge. He knew all the parts of the ship now; he had learned something of knotting and splicing; something of the "wigwag" signals; something of "single stick;" he was now going through the "setting up" drill, and the slouching habits which he had acquired on the farm were being exchanged for an erectness of bearing that would have astonished his old friends. Yes, he had found the sphere that suited him; he had made no mistake. And now, unexpectedly, this too brief life on the training-ship was to end, and a wider and more adventurous life was to open before him. A vista of the strange cities and seas which he had learned about in his geography and history loomed up in the immediate future. His imagination was in a high revel when the master-at-arms rudely recalled him to the present by a hoarse, guttural order for him to come below and overhaul his bag and hammock.

The next morning, after a night spent on board a steamer excelling in its stateliness and furnishings every thing which Rex had heretofore associated with fairy palaces, the draft of boys reached the *Scranton*, then lying at anchor off Ellis's Island, New York harbor, and were "turned over" by the officer in charge to the executive officer of the ship which, for nearly three years, was to be their home.

[*To be continued.*]

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

LUKE 2. 41–51.

I.

"ABOUT my Father's business wist ye not that I must be?"
Not in arrogance 'twas spoken, but in sweet humility.
'Mid the temple's hoary teachers sat the wise and wondrous boy,
Hearing, learning, asking, answering, filled with reverent, holy joy.

II.

"About my Father's business, in his hallowed house* of prayer;—
Where should filial son be sought for, if not lingering gladly there
Where his Father's name is spoken, where his heavenly lore is taught,
And the wisdom of salvation from his sacred word is brought?"

III.

"About my Father's business!" 'twas self-consciousness' first ray!
'Twas the gleam of God incarnate; dawn of deity's full day:
He who was with God, and *was* God,† ere creation's work began,
Felt the throbbing sea of Godhead rising in the dawning‡ man.

IV.

"About my Father's business!" 'tis his first recorded word!
The key-note of that Duty-psalm‖ all earth since then has heard;
And Nazareth for twenty years that primal Gospel saw
Which owns, in earthly father's rule,§ the heavenly Father's law.

V.

"About *my* Father's business!" be mine this princehood blest,
This Christ-like manliness in youth, life's noblest youth, and best:
Thus youth shall reign immortal while blissful æons run,—
"About my Father's business still;"—a loyal, loving son!

Brooklyn, N. Y. —GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

LETTER FROM EUROPE.—No. I.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

GENEVA THE BEAUTIFUL—VIEWS FROM MY BALCONY—LAKE LEMAN—THE RHONE—THE CITY.

YOU ask for some "local letters," off-hand and familiar—some account of this renowned little city; its aspects and institutions; the characteristics of its people, the noted personages who by their birth or residence have distinguished it—Calvin, Rousseau, Voltaire, Madame de Staël, D'Aubigné, etc., etc. Please don't forget that you specify these and more particulars; the scope you provide for me is much more ample than you suspect, but, if I become tedious, you have the editorial prerogative, as absolute as any royal prerogative; shake, in any moment, your pen-scepter at me, and I stop, or turn to other subjects.

The school geographies, the guide-books, etc., give abundant accounts of Geneva; but none has ever been satisfactory, to me at least, though I have read them more or less from my childhood up. I never got from them a true image of the historic and charming little town till I entered its walls, for it had walls then (nearly fifty years ago), though it has none now. With every successive visit its attractions have become stronger to me; and now, when nearly every "nook and crook" of it is familiar to me, I am disposed to give it precedence of all the small cities of the continent. A veteran Yankee traveler by my side, who for more than half a century has been jaunting at intervals over most of the civilized world, insists that it is "the prettiest little town on the planet;" this is, perhaps, an American exaggeration, but Geneva is undeniably a very gem of a city, like all gems small but brilliant, and incased in a charming setting. It is "beautiful for situation," a "city on a hill," and barricaded in from the rest of the world by lofty hills: by the Juras on the north; the Alps on

* Instead of "about my Father's business," the Revised Version reads, "In my Father's house;" but it retains the old reading in the margin, with a closer rendering of the Greek, which sustains the old reading rather than the new. Dr. Whedon, in his Commentary on the passage, admits that the (now) new reading has strong support, but shows that both logically amount to the same sense.

† John 1. 1–3. ‡ Luke 2. 40, 52.

‖ "That Duty-psalm," namely, the "sermon on the mount," and the Gospel in general, the spirit and teaching of Christianity, as the highest revelation of human duty, the highest ethical law in existence.

§ Luke 2. 51, also Exod. 20. 12, the Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy Father and thy mother," etc. Jesus began life by obeying the especial commandment to youth.

the south; by the junction, or at least the approach, of the two ranges on the west; and by Lake Leman on the east. Lake Leman, one of the most picturesque of Swiss waters, a mirror of the mountain landscapes which, with vineyards and villas, stretch away for forty-five miles on either shore.

Its beauty is best seen as you approach it in the steamer on the lake from the east. The central hill, on the sides of which cling its habitations, stands out bravely crowned by the hoary towers of its famous cathedral, where Calvin, Farel, Beza, and their fellow reformers thundered against Rome, and, with Luther at Wittenberg, inaugurated the era of modern civilization—a grand historical pharos whence light has radiated over all Christendom. This view of the city, as you approach it on the lake, is not only itself surpassingly beautiful, but the adjacent scenery on either shore befits it. As I scribble these lines I sit on the balcony of my "Pension" (quite high, third story—we hold to "high living" here), in the background of the picture, which lies beneath me reversed. Behind me lies the central mass of the city, surmounted by its cathedral and dotted by other church towers, with the grey walls of Calvin's old college, the five gilded cupolas of the Russian church, the astronomical observatory famous in the annals of science, etc. In front of me extends the foliage and flower-beds of a public garden which is decorated by an artistic fountain, and a colossal bronze monument commemorating the annexation (in 1814) of Geneva to the Swiss Confederation—the latter consisting of two colossal female figures, one wearing a mural crown, representing the city; the other wearing a wreath and representing Helvetia; each embracing the other with one arm, while a hand of each rests on sword and shield, and both looking forth calmly resolute toward the rest of Cis-Alpine Europe—the Europe which for so many ages tried to rend the stalwart little Republic, but which for so many later ages has acknowledged her invincibility. The garden with shaded walks margins this end of the lake; the city extends for some distance along each side of it, embracing as with loving arms its placid waters. Fine little steamers are plying them; row-boats, the white sails of skiffs, and the whiter plumage of numerous swans beautify the scene. On the right the shore for miles is a varied landscape, studded with villas. Among the nearest is the unpretentious home of Merle d'Aubigné, shaded by stately trees, and retaining still unchanged the studio, wainscoted with his books, where he wrote his famous History of the Reformation; farther on are some palatial residences, and up the hill-sides are scattered spacious country houses embowered in foliage. There is Coligny, where Milton, Shelley, and other poets lived for more or less time charmed by the scenery. Half-way down the declivity, facing the lake and the Jura range, stands "Byron's house," half-concealed in a small grove. There he wrote "Manfred," and the splendid third canto of "Childe Harold," which describes the Swiss scenery. His famous storm-picture is true to all the local details:

> "Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"
>
> "The glee
> Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
> As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth."

That's poetry, is it not? You may witness the reality of it here on many a summer day, and, still better, on a summer night. All Switzerland is a grand temple of God, equally sublime and beautiful.

All along this right shore (right from my position) are vineyards, villas, chateau-towers. My eye never wearies of the enchanting vision. Crossing the lake, and returning on the other shore, or arm of the city, you see equal beauties. Glancing across to the scenes you have just passed through, you now behold them crowned by the snow-covered peaks of Mont Blanc. Again, and all the way up to the denser city, are elegant villas and gardens and vineyards, with the range of the Juras for background. The chateau of Baron Rothschild looks down upon the lake and city from a high hill-side; and there is Pregny, once the residence of the Empress Josephine; the villa of Sir Robert Peel; the picturesque home of the late astronomer Plantamore; the palatial National Hotel; and then a succession of elegant structures, hotels, etc., up to the end of the lake, including the monument of the Duke of Brunswick, a copy of the famous one which commemorates the Scaligers in Verona. For nearly half a mile on this side the lake you walk under sycamores, along well constructed quays. You reach again the public garden over a magnificent bridge under which the lake becomes a river, green at some places as if melted emerald, in others blue as indigo, and so translucent that you can see a pebble at the depth of twenty feet. The Rhone here resumes its long career. It enters the lake at its south-eastern extremity, continues distinctly its course with the lake waters on either side as its walls for nearly fifty miles, and now shoots out of the latter like an arrow, dashing right through the heart of the city. Half a mile west of it, at the famous "Confluence," it joins the Arve, which (as all your school-boys know from Coleridge's sublime hymn at sunrise in the valley of Chamounix) comes down from the foot of Mont Blanc to wed the Rhone here. The Arve forms the southern boundary of the city, and, were you more gracious to me with room, I could say much of its beautiful scenery, for it belongs to the suburban topography. The wedded rivers now move on together, taking apparently reluctant leave of the beautiful town. They behave rather coquettishly at first; though side by side they are perfectly distinguishable for some time by their different hues, but before reaching the neighboring boundary of France they complete their espousals, they become one, and soon after disappear, plunging under-ground to reappear again as the renowned Rhone, careering joyously away past Lyons, and many another city of southern France, and rushing at last into the Mediterranean.

On a lofty hill, overlooking the "Confluence," is a new park, with far-reaching prospects of mountain, vale and city. Returning from this point (whither I have supposed you to have "footed" the shore of the Rhone while I sit, pen in hand, on my balcony), you pass the spacious barracks, where all the young men of the canton must spend a few weeks annually for drill, as the little republic (like our own) does not like standing armies, but trains every citizen in arms, and can at any moment set on march two hundred thousand disciplined troops, whom no other nation wishes to meet in battle; you next pass the white stone edifice of the medical school, and then the city cemetery, where sleep Calvin, Sir Humphry Davy, De Candolle, and other illustrious men—more of them, I suppose, than in the burial ground of any other equally small city on the earth. Passing on you soon face the ample university buildings. They stand on the margin of a noble park which incloses the small but famous Botanical Garden of De Candolle, decorated with his monument from the chisel of Pradier, and busts of native and noted botanists. On leaving the park you enter a spacious "place," or open "square," as we say in America. It is surrounded by public buildings, the art museum, the opera house (a gorgeous example of architecture), the *conservatoire* of music (an elegant structure adorned with statuary), the electoral building, where the citizens do their voting. Climbing now the city hill you traverse narrow mediæval streets with lofty houses, the "lower" town; but at the top you are in the "upper" city, with the goodly mansions of the "higher classes," the town hall (memorable for the British-American arbitration), the arsenal, the cathedral, etc.

I have thus introduced you to this ancient and beautiful city, not with guide-book particularity, but with sufficient guide-book allusions to prepare us for future explorations, in which I hope to have the "honor of your company." An artist could never make his picture from a guide-book description, he must take his own stand-point and throw on his

canvas his own artistic glimpses. I am no artist, but may imitate the artist's good sense. And now the inveterate Yankee traveler whom I have cited insists that we descend from our balcony for a "constitutional." It is a radiant day, the zephyrs come refreshingly from the lake; to-morrow will be the "glorious Fourth," and we must be in spirits for it. But we are both limping septuagenarians; so I drop the pen with a hearty *au revoir*. Blessing be on you and your patriarchal family of young readers!

"SIX AND SEVENTY-SIX."

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

Two faces on a card I see,
A New-Year's gift of love to me—
A pretty childlike ministry.

It were not hard, I think, to fix
Their varied ages from Time's tricks—
Without the "six and seventy-six."

Mamie and Grandma, side by side,
And seventy years betwixt them glide,
A bubbling fount—an ebbing tide!

A morning breeze, a sunset ray;
A bud, a blossom in decay;
A rippling mouth, and lips that pray;

A waxen brow, a furrowed face,
Defiant smile, and looks of grace,
And contrasts more and more, I trace.

The child sees seventy years afar—
Beyond, to her, that distant star—
And marvels what their mysteries are.

These, to the wearied eyes, appear
A fleeting mist, a shadowy sphere,
And briefer than one waiting year.

Mamie and Grandma—Hope and Faith,
Translated in one sunny breath;
And this, to me, the picture saith.

A LITTLE CANDLE.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

It wasn't in the least an encouraging prospect that Christie saw as she ran down the little back stair-way into the kitchen, pinning up her braids as she ran. Christie's heavy hair had a trick of loosening on the least provocation, and she was forever tucking and twisting it up like another Pleasant Riderhood.

"H'm!" was what she said. Her thoughts ran somewhat on this wise:

"Dirt and darkness and desolation! Teddy forgot to bring in his wood last night, and Freddy didn't forget his, as any body might see by that litter of chip-dirt scattered all over the hearth. And Molly will never wash the dishes fairly. O dear! I wish mother wouldn't go and be sick, and I wish father was richer, and I wish I didn't have to be chief-cook-and-bottle-washer, and lose my chance for the valedictory!"

And down in the middle of the floor plumped poor, discouraged Christie, and cried as she hadn't cried before since her biggest doll was broken.

Crying is poor business, even if it *is* over dollies and valedictories. But if you are going to cry I don't know a better place than a deserted back kitchen at four o'clock of a summer's morning, when there is nobody around to be made uncomfortable by it.

"It is just as dark as it can be," sobbed Christie, peering through the window, and she meant the darkness inside and not the darkness out there. "The birds haven't begun to sing yet *either-where*," she continued, still speaking in parables. "And it will be darker yet when those terrible infants up stairs begin to wake up to a realizing sense of daylight."

But suddenly into the darkness came a word—one letter of the great loving Word that is sounding in all our ears whenever we are still enough to hear it:

"*And the light shineth in darkness.*"

Perhaps it was because that was the Golden Text yesterday and Christie remembered. Perhaps it was because Teddy and Freddy were wide awake and throwing pillows at each other that blessed minute, because one said "shineth" and the other said "shone," and so they couldn't say it in concert. But I prefer to think it was just the Lord's own special sweet crumb of daily bread to Christie—given early in the morning, the way our mothers give when we are going to have a hard day.

"*I'll* shine in the darkness to-day," said Christie.

She dried her eyes, pinned up her braids, and attacked the kitchen fire.

"Any body ever pretend to wash the milk-pails in this house?" queried Will, grimly, rattling the tinware about in the closet savagely. It was early for a boy of sixteen to begin his Monday morning chores. Christie declared to herself that he "looked as sour as bonny-clabber."

"Yes, sir," she responded, promptly and merrily; "lots of folks pretend to, and here's the girl that does it," and she took the cream-crusted pail from his hand and washed and rinsed and burnished it till it shone, if it was only with cold water.

"I'll build your fire, Chris," said Will, kindly. He didn't know himself what made him, but he felt suddenly as if he could shoulder even the ugly job of milking six cows before breakfast, and he was dimly grateful to Christie for it.

"Why, if you will," said Christie, "I'll run up and see if I can't get those twins clothed and in their right minds before mother's quite crazy."

"They's all bare-naked but 'cept their little shirties," observed Dolly Dumpling on the lower stair, innocent herself of clothing as a Fiji Islander, or one of Raphael's baby angels. She was a *fallen* angel just this minute, and as cross as the letter X. Sister Christie kissed her bruises, cuddled her into her big work-apron, and dropped her on the foot of the boys' bed like a lapful of kittens while she dressed them.

"There's your old fire, Sis," called Will, pleasantly. "I don't wonder you always look as if you'd conquered the world, the flesh, and so forth, when you've got it built. It's the meanest stove in Massachusetts."

"O thank you, Will," said Christie. "I'll be right down and make you some Turk's-heads for breakfast."

Nell and Mollie were down before her—both of them good fields for home missions. Nell banged her hair at the glass, and other things in their respective places. Her boot-buttons snapped from her impatient fingers, and fled in dismay to the four corners of the room.

Christie took hold of things by the right handle.

"There, Nell!" she cried, watching the comb fly through Nell's kinky locks, "it's just refreshing to see you when you do get up. If you will only work that way all day this house wont look quite so much as if it had been keeping a witch's Sabbath."

Molly wasn't quite so easy to deal with. She buttoned her boots with limp fingers, while her mouth wore a doleful pucker that Christie knew was a sure sign of an all-day "drizzle." Christie turned round suddenly and sat down on the floor beside her, making up a droll little face as nearly like Molly's as possible.

"There, now, Mrs. Gummidge, let's be dismal together. I'll promise not to give any body a cheerful look to-day, if *you* wont."

Molly laughed at that and cleared up, and Christie had no further trouble with her two helpers.

It was a "blue" Monday. Poor Christie flew hither and thither like Noah's dove, and found no rest for the sole of her foot. There was no end of saints and sinners to be com-

forted. The girls came in from school to be braided and curled, and helped on their "examples." The boys wanted her to stop in the midst of the washing to make kite-tails. Father came in, fretted and worried at the prospect of a shower on his new-made windrows, and Christie played it was fun to snatch a sun-bonnet and run out and "rake after."

"Does you druther stay to home 'an go to school?" demanded Teddy, suddenly, as she stooped to take a pan of biscuits from the oven.

"No, indeed, I guess I hadn't."

"Nen what makes you?"

"O, because I ought to."

"Does you always do what you ought to?"

"No, but I ought to."

"I know something."

Christie was glad but refrained from expressing her satisfaction. Teddy's news was like genius or murder, and would "out" sooner or later.

"Father and mother are talking it over."

Christie pricked her ears a little at that. She was interested in the family talk-overs.

"How did you happen to know it?" queried Christie, severely.

Teddy bashfully admitted that he was down cellar perched on the edge of an apple-barrel, and with his ear close to a crack in the floor of mother's room he could hear very comfortably.

"I wouldn't be *mean*, Teddy," began Christie, but his news had begun to flow and it was as the beginning of strife.

"An' I heard father say't he'd sold the Big Cramb'ry Swamp for five hundred dollars to that man in a horse an' buggy that come out int' the hay-field, and he says for mother to tell just what to do with it."

"And what else, Teddy—what else?" cried Christie, as he stopped to take a bite of a big apple. She had an insane desire to get up on the top of that apple-barrel herself. "Five hundred dollars, and mother to spend it! Why don't they come and tell it to *me*," she thought, wonderingly.

"And mother says it's to send Christie to the jolliest Female Cemetery in Christendom," pursued Teddy, translating freely, but getting the sense.

"Me to a seminary!" cried Christie, unable to grasp the ecstatic idea. She had never thought to have all that and heaven too. "*Me* away to school! You didn't hear right, Teddy—you know you didn't."

"Yes, I did," said Teddy, sturdily; "and mother cried; I see her take father's hank'shiff out his pocket, 'cause she couldn't find hers, 'cause he was settin' on it. (You can see lots of things out of a teeny little bit of a hole if the hole is big enough.) And she said you'd been the awfulest good girl about staying home all summer, and now you should have a chance. She said you'd been a puffick sunshine—"

"True, my son, though you say it that shouldn't," said father's deep voice in the door-way. He came up and laid a kind hand on Christie's brown head. "Mother and I think our Christie has been sun, moon, and stars to us all—"

"O papa!" spoke Christie, softly, while her heart blushed for the failures she saw strewed all along that very day, to say nothing of other days when she hadn't tried so hard. "If there was any light in me at all it was such a very little bit of a candle."

Her father stooped and kissed her lovingly.

"But it lighted all that were in the house, my daughter."

"That's so!" said Will, heartily, coming in at that instant, and pulling Christie's forehead back for a brotherly salute. "I felt as glum as a lamp-post this morning, and I guess I should have stayed in Cimmerian darkness all day if Chris hadn't touched a match to me."

"Guess Ted an' *me* woulder stayed in 'simmering darkness,'" chimed in Freddy, anxious to swell the pæans of Christie's praises. "She come up there an' dressed us, and told the awfulest stories, and never went once and told mother on us—at least," he added, reflectively, remembering that judgment did sometimes tarry, "mother hasn't spanked us yet."

"She's tried all day to pacify *me*," spoke up Dolly Dumpling, running in with her bowl of bread-and-milk, and flirting the spoon in eager emphasis. "Couldn't *any body* make me happy, and there that girl she made little bikkits and saucer pies, and I sha'n't *let* her go to any place that I don't go where *she* is!"

"O, but Dolly Dimple," said Molly, suddenly, sitting down on the rug and cuddling the excited Dumpling, bowl and all, "we wouldn't be old selfish things, would we, and not let sweet sister Christie have a good time going to school, when she's been so good? And I'll 'whisker something in your ear,' as you say, petkins! *Perhaps* one of these days Nell and Molly will take lessons in 'pacifying,' and be so good you wont miss Christie a bit."

"I don't b'lieve you ever, ever, *never* will!" said Dolly.

Christie was laughing and crying, but mostly laughing. It was all so funny. It gave her a little warm, happy feeling in her heart to think they had noticed she was trying to be good. We ought to be willing to do right any way, but then it is very nice when people happen to find it out.

And to crown the cap-sheaf, as Nell said, up spoke mother, who had been lying on the lounge listening, and could see the pretty picture Molly made with the pacified baby on the rug:

"How far that little candle throws its beams!"

That ended the ovation. But it *began* the beautiful getting ready for Christie, and the helpfulness for Molly and the rest, and Christie's little candle flared up bravely as day by day it was cheered by the flicker of so many little tapers.

"Candles don't be hided under bushel baskets," remarked Dolly sagely, quoting papa. "If they shines any at all, *somebody'll* see 'em, 'less they're all gone out."

THE BOY SENTINEL.

An Incident of the Capture of Sontay.

BY W. H. GILDER.

PART I.

The war in Tonkin has furnished the European journals with many instances of individual bravery on the part of the French belligerents, but the records of heroism among the Chinese and Anamites while defending their soil are rare. It has, however, been my privilege to learn, during the course of my work as a war correspondent in that field, of several affairs in which the Chinese troops have shown the qualities of which real heroes are made.

During three days Admiral Courbet had engaged the enemy before the town and citadel of Sontay finally fell into his hands. Much of the fighting had been of the most desperate character, and at the end of the second day so critical was the situation that Admiral Courbet forbade all correspondence of the soldiers or others with Hanoi and the cities in the rear. The French gun-boats, which every-where in the delta of the Red River had been the great support of the troops, were here also most valuable allies, and frightened off, during the first day's fight, most of the native auxiliaries of Low-wing-fook, leaving him to meet the French attack without other support than his own command, the Black Flags. Low had about 3,800 soldiers remaining, and Courbet about 7,000 French troops, including Anamite auxiliaries from Saigon, who, as soldiers, proved themselves the equals of the Europeans throughout the whole campaign. Not more than half the French force was engaged during the three days' battle, the remainder being held in reserve.

The works had at last to be carried by a direct assault. Defended by a determined and courageous garrison, this task was by no means an easy one. It perhaps seems absurd in the light of later events to speak of Chinese soldiers as determined and courageous, but the troops with whom Courbet had here to contend were the followers of Low-wing-fook,

his redoubtable "Black Flags," who, though of Chinese origin, are most excellent soldiers. This is because they have confidence in their leader, who is himself a skillful soldier and a man of undoubted pluck. He is not the type of mandarin who directs the battle from afar. He is always on the field with his men, encouraging them by his example while directing their movements with intelligence and skill. All he asks of them is to keep up with the bridle of his horse, as he said in one of his proclamations to his army. The citadel of Sontay is a large brick and stone bastioned fortress, built by French engineers on the Vauban plan in the latter part of the last century. After the French occupation of the delta, a series of lines was constructed before it, opposing approach from in front. Just at the river bank is, or was, a town and small fort called Phuk-sai. This fort was carried during the afternoon of the first day, December 14, 1883, by the Turcos; but the Chinese defenders rallied and drove them out. Subsequently the Turcos and marine infantry together recaptured the work, and a second time were they driven out by the Black Flags, who held the fort when the fighting ceased for the night.

During the night the Chinese retired from that line of defense and the fort was consequently abandoned. The army of Low-wing-fook is composed chiefly of rebels driven out of China, and pirates of the Gulf of Tonkin and other Chinese waters who have been chased from their rendezvous along the sea-coast by the gun-boats of the "viceroy of the two Kwangs." These gun-boats are usually commanded by European officers, and one of these officers, Captain Stewart, of the *Chento*, who has held his command for nearly twenty-five years, told me that during that time he had captured or destroyed 298 Chinese pirate junks. The leader of the Black Flags is himself an outlaw, though after the French entry into Tonkin he was commissioned as a general in the Chinese army, and his troops were paid to drive the French intruders from the country.

A large portion of his command is made up of young men thirsting for glory and booty. This young blood in the hands of the wily old chieftain is what makes the fighting corps of his army, and an incident that occurred at Sontay on the morning of the entry of the French into the citadel will show what material he has in these youthful warriors.

At noon of the 16th of December all the outlying works had been carried by the French, and an assault upon the citadel was repulsed. Another attempt made during the evening was equally unsuccessful, and the attacking force rested on their arms for daylight to renew the assault. At dawn some French soldiers who had risen early were roaming idly around, as soldiers invariably do under similar circumstances, and noticed that their movements drew no fire from the walls of the citadel when they strolled in that direction. They kept on up to the great gate of the fortress, which was partly open, and pushing it aside they soon saw that the defenders had withdrawn during the night. They entered at once and a French flag was improvised from a piece of trowsers, a blue sash, and a white pocket handkerchief. This flag was hoisted on the ramparts, and the work was in their hands without firing a shot. This is not literally true, for it was not long before the Frenchmen came upon a soldier, a lad of 17 or 18 years, who had been posted near one of the magazines, and had been overlooked when the others were withdrawn. He was called upon to surrender, but the answer he gave was a shot that laid low a Frenchman with a wound in his thigh. And still he kept on firing with his breech-loading rifle, though he knew how hopeless it was. The French soldiers, who could not but admire his faithfulness and courage, were loath to kill him, but like their old Imperial Guard, he would die but would not surrender. So at last a French bullet gave him all of glory that any soldier could ask—he died at his post.

Of such material is the army of Low-wing-fook, and such would be the whole Chinese army if they had officers equal in courage to their men. When, however, a Chinese soldier gets to be an officer of rank, his opportunities for making money, albeit dishonestly, increase proportionately, and another existence is opened up to the individual which makes his life too valuable to risk along with the common soldiers, whom he has learned to despise as well as rob.

PATIENCE A RARITY.

THERE is a great deal of wholesome truth in these words of the great English art critic, John Ruskin. We in America need to ponder them the more carefully because it seems to be natural for us to rush on, and keep rushing on, without much respect for just that quality which Mr. Ruskin commends:

There's no music in a "rest," Katie, that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life-melody, and scrambling on without counting; not that it's easy to count, but nothing on which so much depends ever is easy. People are always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too. I have known twenty persevering girls to one patient one, but it is only the twenty-first one who can do her work, out and out, and enjoy it; for patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers.

MORE THAN CURED.

IT would be well if we could treat some very obstinate people of our acquaintance with the same success which the quaker Joseph attained with his black mare:

"That black mare of yours is a very fine animal, Joe."

"Well, yes, friend Leander, at least I think her a good mare."

"Raise her yourself?"

"No, she was raised by my neighbor Nichols. I'll tell thee how I got that mare, friend Leander. She was one of the handsomest colts I ever saw, and I tried time and again to buy her, but Nichols wouldn't talk of any sort of price for her. She had only one fault, and that was a bad one; she would back at first, when put in harness, but Nichols said she would outgrow that. One day—the mare was five years old then, and had broken a good many things first and last, backing—I was riding past Nichols, and found him in the road in a towering passion. That black mare was standing quietly at the fence, and Nichols's buggy was close by, and badly smashed. The mare had suddenly backed the buggy, breaking it, and seriously injuring Nichols's wife, and also two of his children."

"What will you give for that miserable mare?" shouted Nichols. "And in five minutes I had bought, and was on my way home with her, just about as pleased as I could be, for it was threshing time, and I wanted another horse very much."

"What! such a horse as that?"

"O yes, I'll tell thee. It was wheat threshing time, so I harnessed three good horses in the threshing-mill, and the mare too, only I harnessed her in wrong end foremost; so that when I started them, and she commenced backing, as she did, all went along well enough. After going once around, the mare felt inclined to stop; but I just switched up the other horses, and kept her going backward in spite of her efforts to go the other way, for half an hour. I then took her out, turned her round, and, I tell thee, she started right along, and has never backed, unless made to, from that day to this."

"Good! That was shrewd in you, Joe."

"But there is still one little trouble about her."

"What is that?"

"When she is harnessed now, she starts up *a leetle too quick*."

THE ELEPHANT AFLOAT.

THE happy life and untimely death of the elephant Jumbo have made us feel a little better acquainted with these great beasts. Jumbo had twice escaped the perils of the sea, only to fall the victim of a railway train. A Calcutta paper describes how elephants go to sea:

The hoisting into the air, and lowering elephants into the hold of a ship, is not only an unusual sight to most men, but also a strange experience to most elephants. They were lashed with strong ropes, slung as far as practicable in slings, hoisted up with cranes with threefold tackles, and lowered into the steamer's hold like bales of cotton. When in the hold, they were placed in pens built of strong teak-timber baulks, bolted to the ship's side to prevent them from breaking loose. The fear the animals suffered was the only pain they underwent; and by watching the eyes of the poor beasts their terror was very manifest. Tears trickled down their mild countenances, and they roared with dread, more especially when being lowered into the hold, the bottom of which was sanded for them to stand upon. We are told that one timid female elephant actually fainted, and was brought to with a fan and many gallons of water. At sea it appears that the animals got into a curious habit of occasionally—evidently with a preconcerted signal—setting to work rocking the ship from side to side, by giving themselves, simultaneously, a swinging motion as they stood athwart the ship, the vessel rolling heavily as if in a seaway. This they would do for an

hour or more, and then desist for several hours until the strange freak took them again. When they reached port they were hoisted out of the hold and swam to the shore, thirty-five being thus safely landed without any accident whatever. When they were released from the slings it was a supreme moment for the mahout who was always on the elephant's neck from the time of its touching water to letting go. As the word was given to let go, each of the elephants, either from the lightness of his heart at being freed from his floating prison, or from his own weight, we are not sure which, plunged down deep into the water, the mahout on his neck. The anxiety on the face of the mahout, just one second before the plunge, was a study; so, too, was it when elephant and man rose to the surface again, the former blowing water from his trunk and the latter from his nose.

CHINESE IDEA OF RAILROADS.

THEY are just now taking hold of railroading in earnest in China, and an English firm has recently received the contract for constructing many miles of railway. But it was only a few years ago that the Chinese were strongly opposed to this innovation. It is less than ten years since a paper published at Shanghai protested against the new roads with many curious and some wholly imaginary reasons.

In the first place, it was of opinion that the introduction of railroads in Europe was of too recent a date to admit of a judgment as to their real utility. Then it urged that there was not sufficient business in China to make railroads profitable, and that their effect would be to accumulate a vast quantity of goods in the ports, faster than they could be shipped. Finally, it said: "Accidents on the railroad lines are very numerous, caused by collisions, by the engines or tenders taking fire, by the trains running off the lines, or by the bridges giving way and the trains being precipitated into the rivers below. In other cases the carriages are injured by the great speed at which they are carried along, and the accidents are so numerous that it is often impossible to ascertain the exact number of dead and wounded. All the foreign journals are full of details concerning these accidents. But admitting that most of these casualities are preventable, and that the trains follow their regular course, they travel quicker than the thorough-bred horse, and the people walking on the lines would have no time to get out of their way. From this cause alone the number of fatal accidents would be enormous. In all countries where railroads exist they are considered a very dangerous mode of locomotion, and, beyond those who have very urgent business to transact, no one thinks of using them."

A BOY AGAIN.

THERE are so many teachers and preachers who cannot understand the nature of the boys with whom they have to do, that we read with especial delight incidents like the following, from the life of the late Charles Kingsley, which was contributed to an English magazine by a friend of the great canon:

His sympathy with the sports of boys was naturally strong and keen. One morning he told me that some of his land in Hampshire was within reach of the boys of Wellington College when they were abroad engaged in paper chases. "Young rascals!" he said, "they play the mischief with my fences, too. One day a great gap was pointed out to me in one of my fences, and I was told it was made by those young fellows. So I got wind of their next paper chase in my direction, and I went out to read my friends a lesson respecting the property of their neighbors. Sure enough, before long I saw the 'hares' coming straight toward me and my gap, and I prepared to meet them. But when they were close upon me the excitement of the chase, which had been for some moments coming over me, got the better of my resolution, and if I did not throw down my stick and tear off with them as fast as my legs could carry me! In a hundred yards or so I was dead beat; and when the pack came, a minute or two later, and set to work to break down my fences worse than they ever did, I had not the breath in me to remonstrate with them even if I had the inclination."

A RUSSIAN HOUSE IN WINTER.

GAUTIER has given us a glimpse at the interior of a Russian house in winter. The mention of Russian winter recalls stories of frozen Siberia, of Napoleon's retreat, or the pitiful pictures of travelers chased through the snows by howling wolves. But let this Frenchman tell what he saw within doors in Russia before you make up your mind about the place.

Of the houses he says:

The windows are invariably double, and the space between the sashes is invariably covered with a layer of fine sand, designed to absorb moisture and prevent the frost from silvering the panes. Twisted horns of paper containing salt are set in it, and sometimes the sand is concealed by a bed of moss. There are no outside shutters or blinds, for they would be useless, since the windows remain closed all winter, being carefully filled in around the edges with a kind of cement. Heavy curtains of rich materials still further deaden the effect of the cold upon the glass, a substance much more permeable than is generally believed. Open fire-places are rare; when they do exist, they are used only in spring and autumn. They are closed and filled with flowers —flowers, which are truly a Russian luxury! The houses overflow with them; flowers receive you at the door, and go with you up the stairway; Irish ivies festoon balusters; *jardinieres* adorn the landings on every floor. In the embrasure of the windows, bananas spread out their broad, silken leaves; talipot palms, magnolias, camellias growing like trees, mingle their blossoms with the gilded volutes of the cornices; orchids hover like butterflies around lamp-shades of crystal, porcelain, and curiously wrought terra cotta. From horn-shaped vases of Japanese porcelain or of Bohemian glass, placed in the center of a table or at the corner of a side-board, spring sheaves of superb exotics; and all this floral splendor thrives as in a hot-house. In truth, every Russian apartment is a hot-house; in the street you are at the Pole; within doors, you might believe yourself in the tropics.

INDIAN FASHIONS.

IT is a well-known fact that Indians have a passion for clothes, possibly because they have gone without them for so long, and novelty has its charm. A dignified and dirty old rascal at Killisnoo, in Alaska, wears a complete uniform given him by a captain in the United States navy. And it is very amusing to see him strut about with the air of an admiral, showing to strangers testimonials from various naval officers. One of these valuable documents reads as follows: "*The bearer says he is a good, honest Indian. If this be true, he is a remarkable person.*" One of these Indian dandies is thus described in the *Congregationalist*:

Here is a comical-looking fellow; he is old, and has a gravity befitting his years. On his head is a silk hat, rather the worse for exposure to the elements and rough usage. Still he seems to take much pride in it. An old frock coat, buckskin breeches, and moccasins, with a blanket over all, complete his clothing. He is sitting (one can scarcely say that he is mounted) on a "burro," one of the small Mexican donkeys common in this part of the world. He is so tall, and the burro so little, that he is obliged to bend his legs to prevent his feet from dragging on the ground. And over all, hat, man, and donkey, is spread an immense gingham umbrella, probably to prevent injury to his complexion from the sun.

A SIGN WHICH MEANT SOMETHING.

JUST as a good many words have exchanged an old meaning for a new with the change of customs in the world, so some most familiar objects no longer stand for what they once signified. A good instance of this loss of signification is the well-known emblem of the barber-shop, which in its simplest form is now a pole with a knob at the end, and two spiral stripes of color about its white surface. It is doubtful whether the average tonsorial artist could explain the origin of this peculiar sign-board. It has a curious story:

The gilt knob at the end of a barber's pole represents the brass basin which was formerly actually suspended on the pole. The basin had a notch cut in it to fit the throat, and was used for lathering customers who came to be shaved. The pole represented the staff held by persons in blood-lettings, and the two spiral ribbons painted round it represented the two bandages—one for twisting round the arm previous to the operation, and the other for binding. Barbers, "all in the olden time," used to be the surgeons, but have fallen from their high estate since science has made its voice "to be heard on high." To this day, however, the guild of "barber surgeons" retain their ancient hall in Monkwell Street, Cripplegate, London.

TURTLE-TAKING.

A SOUTH AMERICAN traveler has witnessed extraordinary scenes among the Conibo Indians. The idea of being run over by a turtle is strikingly novel to us who are accustomed to regard the hard-shelled reptiles as slow-going. He says:

In the night the turtles come out of the river in large numbers to lay their eggs. The Conibos, squatting, or kneeling under their leafy sheds, and keeping profound silence, await the moment for action. The turtles, who separate themselves into detachments on leaving the water, dig rapidly with their fore feet a trench often 200 yards long, and always four feet broad by two deep. They apply themselves to their work with such zeal that the sand flies about them and envelops them as in a fog. As soon as they are satisfied that their trench is large enough they deposit in it their soft-shelled eggs to the number of from forty to seventy, and with their hind feet quickly fill up the trench. In this contest of paddling feet more than one turtle, tumbled over by his companions, rolls into the trench and is buried alive. Half an hour is enough for the accomplishment of this task. The turtles then make a disorderly rush for the river. Now the moment has arrived for which the Conibos have anxiously waited. At a given signal the whole band suddenly rise from their lurking-places and dash off in pursuit of the amphibia, not to cut off their retreat—for they would themselves be trampled under foot by the resistless squadrons—but to rush upon their flanks, seize them by their tails, and throw them over on their backs. Before the turtles have disappeared, a thousand prisoners often remain in the hands of the assailants.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

OUR YOUTH comes with greeting to our youth! We are because of you. For are you not "our youth," our children, our friends, our successors, the repositories of our thought and influence for the years that are to be, when we shall no more be on earth, and when you remain as our only living representatives?

OUR YOUTH comes to youth with this worthy aim: To do our share toward making your lives true, strong, and noble; worthy of the century that gave you birth; worthy of the new century into which in the prime of manhood and womanhood you are soon to pass; worthy of the Christian civilization under which you were born and are being educated; worthy of the Church that has nurtured you and that now brings to you the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its simplicity, strength, and fullness.

OUR YOUTH comes with greeting to the teachers of our youth! To parents, the first teachers who have original and perfect authority, natural, civil, and religious, to govern our youth; to parents who have early and perfect opportunity to train our youth; to parents who love as the stranger cannot love, and who have both the confidence and love of our youth! To you we come with proffered help and with plea for help. We covet highest wisdom that we may give suggestions, set forth argument, and present earnest appeal to our youth—yours and ours—to the end that they may be

> Sons . . . as plants grown up in their youth;
> And . . . daughters as corner-stones hewn after the fashion of a palace. (R.V.)

OUR YOUTH comes to pastors, the divinely appointed guardians and instructors of our youth; to Sunday-school teachers, who by appointment of the Church share in pastoral responsibility; and to day-school teachers, to whom for special intellectual, moral, and social training, Home and Church anxiously commit our youth! We ask your sympathy, counsel, and co-operation, that in this age of thoughtfulness, enterprise, privilege, and peril, especial safeguards may be placed around this class of growing citizens—the men and women of to-morrow, who are to make the homes, the laws, and the life of this great nation for the next half-century. We would have OUR YOUTH a wise helper of the State, the school, and the Church in building up character, and in exciting in our young people the loftiest ambition for time and eternity.

To a restless, rollicking girl in an astronomical observatory the professor said, "Look steadily—once." She had tried, two or three times—tried in her way—to look, "but could see nothing! How foolish to stick your head into that!" And then she turned away with a silly, bantering laugh. She was a frivolous girl who cared no more for Saturn or Jupiter than about the Caroline Islands imbroglio or the United States surveys in Northern Alaska. She wanted to leave. "Let's go," she said, "and do something lively. This is stupid."

"Come, Hetty," said the professor, "try again. Look steadily—once." Adjusting her eye to the glass and holding still long enough to "look steadily—once," she suddenly exclaimed, "O how lovely! How wonderful! See the rings! How beautiful! Let me stay!" After that it was hard work to get her away from the instrument and the tower. She wanted "to see more." And she saw more—another planet, a fragment of nebula here, then there, now a fixed star, now the delicate lines of the new moon. Space, color, splendor, passed before her astonished vision.

"I'm coming again. May I, professor? I'm going to read about it! Isn't it all wonderful!"

Not a frivolous speech fell from her lips on her way home that night. Glancing now and then toward the starry vault, she often exclaimed, "Isn't it too wonderful for any thing!" She had "looked steadily—once."

Many of our young people are flippant, and to our more mature judgments foolish, because they have never been trained to "look steadily—once" at some fact or field in science or literature. One look transforms them. They suddenly see a new world. Old delights lose their charm in the presence of the new revelation.

If instead of scolding young people for their levity we were to bring them face to face with some mystery in nature or some treasure in literature, or best of all some blessed reality in religion, and bid them "look steadily—once," we should demonstrate again the law of "the expulsive power of a new affection."

A STRONG will, well set in a good way, has in it all possibilities of success. It is the only means of achievement. It makes good students, good workmen, good merchants, good housewives, good Christians. And while teachers of young people must use their patient ingenuity in getting their pupils to "look steadily—once," the teacher's ingenuity must be met by good sense and strong purpose on the part of the pupils themselves. When teachers try to do their part, you, young reader, must try to do your part also. If they get the telescope ready and turn it on Jupiter or Saturn, you should consent to "look steadily—once," at least. However full of "mischief" you may be at the time, you owe it as gentlemen or as ladies to suspend the "nonsense" for a moment and respond to the request of your seniors and instructors. One such polite response on your part may change, and for endless good, the whole course of your lives. Common sense and common courtesy combine to influence you in this better way. You show no particular "brightness" or "sharpness" when you allow jollity to defeat wisdom, or levity to supplant dignity. Young friend, when age and experience, especially if they be the age and experience of those who have as parents or teachers authority, ask you to "look steadily—once," will you not—look?

IT is therefore clear, and cannot be too often reiterated, that in order to the best results in the work of teaching, the action of teacher and pupil must be reciprocal. The full mind of the one must be met by the ready and receptive mind of the other. Truth to be effective must be taken as well as given. Indeed, it can scarcely be considered as given until it is taken. Too frequently the exhortations of the Sunday-school leaders are limited to the teacher, whereas the student is as important a factor in the process to be carried on, and his intelligent sympathy and active co-operation are as indispensable as the teacher's careful preparation, earnest desire, and vigorous purpose. OUR YOUTH will try to give wise counsels to Sunday-

school and other teachers, but remembering this doctrine of reciprocal effort, we shall also try to impress upon our youthful readers the necessity of personal and sympathetic co-operation in the objects and processes of the recitation room.

PRESERVE, file, and bind OUR YOUTH. Its contents will be useful for years to come. Its "News Notes" alone will be worth the price of the paper for the year.

THE map of the world in this issue of OUR YOUTH, with its list of nearly one hundred countries and nations, will be an invaluable aid in reading the news of the coming year. Keep it for reference.

THE department of "News Notes" is in the hands of a young and gifted New Englander, a graduate of one of the best colleges in America. He will be your authority for the news of the week, explaining obscure points, giving the pronunciation of difficult foreign names, and answering questions if you choose to ask them.

IN the same department you will find a summary of the facts of history necessary to an appreciation of current news, with selected passages from ancient and modern literature suggested by recent events. The "News Notes" will also make a good weekly reading lesson for school and fireside. By a little care, and by the habit of conversation with the most intelligent people of your neighborhood on the subject, you may soon be well informed concerning the age in which you live.

WHY should not the Methodist Episcopal Church with its 1,855,844 members and probationers, give for the year of our Lord 1885, the sum of *one million dollars* for missions? Dr. J. M. REID and Dr. C. C. M'CABE, our worthy and efficient Missionary Secretaries, propose to raise this amount; the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society seconds the motion of the Secretaries; the Bishops say "Amen." Now let the Church respond promptly and liberally!

YOUNG reader of OUR YOUTH, have you given your share toward this sum of one million dollars for missions in 1885? If not, let the pledge be given at once, and not only for this once, but resolve that you will hereafter give annually in still larger amounts, that our Church may help the work of foreign missions according to her numbers and resources. If she does this, she will give annually more than two millions for missions.

IF the announcements concerning OUR YOUTH and the contents of the first number seem to put emphasis upon the "young men" or the "boys," and if any thing seems to indicate that we come into being solely for them, let us at the outset disclaim any such narrow and unwise intention or idea. What we have to say to young men will usually be equally appropriate to young women, and whatever articles or stories may be required to meet the tastes or demands of this class will be promptly provided. OUR YOUTH is, as has been said, for "Our Youth," and that of both sexes, recognizing them as equals and as having equal right to the best that our pen or the pens of our best contributors can supply.

OUR YOUTH to all temperance workers: "Greeting!" and "God bless you!" Here is our watch-word: "Prohibition!" Here is our motto: Prohibition immediately where we can get it; every-where else, education and agitation till we do get it. To all the schools of temperance in the land—woman-suffrage-temperance, third-party-temperance, old-fashioned-moral-suasion-temperance, non-political-temperance, and all the rest—OUR YOUTH says: We cannot agree with you all as to methods proposed. We do agree with you all as to end sought—Prohibition of the rum traffic forever in the land of the free and the home of the brave! Let us be sweet-tempered in discussion, generous in competition, bold in aggressive movement against the common foe, trusting humbly and devoutly in the Lord God of our fathers!

OUR YOUTH depends upon the personal interest of pastors and superintendents for its success. At the reduced price of one dollar per annum the publishers cannot afford discount or premiums. If for the love of the cause you are willing to commend the paper and encourage young people and teachers to subscribe for it, we shall be able to secure a sufficiently large circulation to pay the bare expense of publication. Will you respond to this liberal offer of the Church?

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for December 6, 1885. THE SINFUL NATION.—Isa. 1. 1–18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Isa. 1. 16, 17.

HE is a weak fellow who is not aroused to righteous wrath against wrong-doing; and he is a coward who does not, at the right time, speak words of rebuke to the wrong-doer himself. Such boldness requires courage. It is a great deal easier to "let it go," and "smooth it over," and "never mind," and excuse yourself on the ground that "it's none of my business." But it is your business to speak out against meanness and badness, so that the mean and bad will know where you stand, and how you feel toward the things they love and practice. What if they do hate you and abuse you? *That* is none of your business, but that you do your whole duty is a thing of immense importance. Isaiah the prophet was bold as a lion and said strong things to the people. His talk smote like lightning. He had to do with a selfish, worldly, covetous, hypocritical people. They were not only neighbors, but undoubtedly of his own family and household. He was regarded by them as fanatical. But he said what he had to say in fearless tones.

Of course we remember that Isaiah spoke his fearless words by God's command—by a special command and under a special inspiration. But we have God's command which authorizes us to speak out our protest against sin. We may not stand in public places and proclaim or write out on parchment-rolls the sins of man and the wrath of God; but we may, and we ought, on the play-ground, on the street, in our homes, and every-where else set ourselves against profanity, vulgarity, hypocrisy, deceit, fraud, irreverence, disobedience, and the whole catalogue of sins which are too common in this day, even among the young fellows of our neighborhood. A girl ought to be so well known among her classmates as a believer in truth, purity, fairness, and honesty that they will be drawn toward these good things by her example; and she ought, at the right time, to speak plain words of reproof to sting and alarm girls whose talk or conduct is against these worthy things. We need the Isaiah-spirit to-day, not only in pulpits and in the press, but in the social circles made up of our young friends. Young people can do better work for young people in these respects than older folks can. And they ought to attempt it. Read carefully the brave talk of Isaiah (1. 1–9), and the strong words about what God does not, and what he does, love in man. Vers. 10–17.

Then read in verse 18 words of comfort and hope. A bugle sound in the midst of storm and terror. Pardon is promised—the whiteness of purity for the scarlet and crimson of guilt! The verse is a rainbow. It is a cloudless sunset after a storm. It is a song of hope. God loves to forgive. He hates sin. He thunders against it. He tries to allure souls away from it. The voice that storms in merciless denunciation against the love and practice of sin speaks forth in clear notes about obedience and righteousness, and then sings, in sweetest tones, about mercy and forgiveness and peace.

Let us (1) Heed God's protest against sin; (2) Obey his command; (3) Believe in his mercy; and (4) Do all we can to bring others to the same heeding, obeying, and believing.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

THE majority of our readers are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They are full members or probationers. If neither of these, they are members by infant baptism, or at least Sunday-school scholars. If not in the innermost *sanctum* of the temple, nor yet in the probationers' circle, they are members of the outer court—the Sunday-school.

Now we desire, and in OUR YOUTH intend to give these young Methodist Episcopal readers some instruction concerning the Church of their parents, and which is, or, we trust, will be, the Church of their own intelligent and firm choice.

We want our young people to be Methodists, but to be as Methodists —*Christians*. We want them to understand that Methodism and Christianity are so far identical that one cannot be a good Methodist without being a good Christian, and that being a thorough, earnest, intelligent, and experimental Christian one has, whatever his denominational relations may be, the essentials of Methodism in him.

Methodism is Christianity, its doctrine and spirit and life. It is catholic in that it loves all who love Christ, and does not care to proselyte from other Churches to its own fold. It loves all, and desires the prosperity of all, but it aims to develop the power of its own organization and to increase the efficiency of its work, and the piety and zeal of its workers.

Young Methodist Episcopal people should understand their Church to be an organic part of the apostolic Church—the original Church founded by Christ and his followers. They should know its history, its doctrine, its usages, its needs. They should enter into its service and rejoice in the blessed experiences of the Gospel which it emphasizes. The demand of the times is for an ardent, enlightened, active, consistent church membership.

When apostolic Methodism was revived in its primitive purity under the Wesleys, one hundred and fifty years ago, it was among a band of Oxford students—splendid, conscientious, God-fearing young men who for many years held special meetings in an upper room in Lincoln College, Oxford, England. They met four evenings each week and occupied the time in four lines of work:

1. The study of the Greek Testament.
2. The study of the ancient classics.
3. The seeking of personal holiness.
4. The planning for philanthropic work among the needy and neglected masses of English society.

These were four magnificent objects touching manhood on all sides, and tending to the development of symmetrical piety. Wonderful success crowned their efforts. The world has witnessed and wondered at it. All branches of the Christian Church have been quickened by it. Hallelujahs have swept through the heavens because of it.

To-day we need a revival of the earliest and most old-fashioned Methodist methods. "The Oxford League" is a new movement designed to promote the same fourfold objects of the first Oxford Club. OUR YOUTH will be the organ of the Oxford League, and we urge our readers to watch these columns for information concerning it, and to ask us any question they please about it. Let every one become a member. Send to Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, N. Y., or Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago, for an Oxford League circular, and begin immediately.

OXFORD LEAGUE READINGS.

THERE shall be, for the present, two grades of reading, as follows:

The *Initial Grade*, which shall embrace:

1.) The following chapters from the Gospel according to Matthew: ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, xxv, xxvi, xxvii, xxviii; and from the Book of the Acts of the Apostles: i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, viii, ix.

2.) "Our Own Church" Series, Nos. 1–9. Price, 36 cts.

No. 1. The Holy Catholic Church.
" 2. The Antiquity of Methodism.
" 3. That "Episcopal" Church.
" 4. The Church and the World.
" 5. Broad and Narrow.
No. 6. The Classmates' Meeting.
" 7. Our Settled Itinerancy.
" 8. Earnest Christians.
" 9. True Church Loyalty.

3.) "Outlines of Methodism." By James M'Gee. Price, 10 cts.

4.) The "Oxford League Series," Nos. 1–7. Price, 35 cts.

No. 1. Ancestry of the Wesley Family.
" 2. The Oxford Methodist Brotherhood.
" 3. The Birthplace of Methodism.
" 4. Methodist Converts in High Places.
No. 5. The Literary Work of the Wesleys.
" 6. Place of Education in English Methodism.
" 7. Place of Education in American Methodism.

The *Second Grade*, which shall embrace:

1.) The following chapters from the New Testament: John i, xiv, xv, xvi, xxi; Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians.

2.) "Heroic Methodists." By Dr. Daniel Wise. Price, $1.

3.) The following tracts (price for the set, 13 cts.):

Prominent Doctrines and Peculiar Usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Hawley. Revised Series, No. 82. 44 pages.
The Apostolical Succession. By Rev. G. A. Jacob, D.D., of the Church of England. New Series, No. 173. 20 pages.
Wesley's Relations to the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Dr. R. M. Hatfield. New Series, No. 38. 36 pages.
The Protestant Religion no Novelty. Revised Series, No. 70. 8 pages.
Rome and the Popes. By Mrs. Mary Stevens Robinson. New Series, No. 156. 16 pages.
Can I Play Cards? By A. B. G. New Series, No. 137. 24 pages.
The Higher Path. New Series, No. 17. 12 pages.
Sacred Song Series. Nos. 1–8. (4 pages each.)

4.) "The Young Disciple at the Lord's Table." Price, 3 cents.
5.) "Loving Counsels to a Methodist Youth." Price, 3 cents.
6.) "Wesley and Early Methodism." By Mrs. Angela K. Davis. Price, paper, 20 cents; cloth, 30 cents.

OXFORD LEAGUE MEETINGS.

THERE shall be held each year four *Regular* and four *Special* Meetings with such *Additional* Meetings as may be agreed upon by the Active Members: *a.*) A *Regular* Meeting shall be held each quarter before, and, where practicable, within eight days of, the public administration of the Lord's Supper in the Church with which the League is connected, and a service preparatory to the Communion shall be held, designed to place greater emphasis upon this divine sacrament, to exalt the doctrines which it represents, and to increase the reverence, devotion, and spiritual strength and comfort of youthful believers. *b.*) A *Special* Meeting shall be held each quarter, designed to increase the efficiency of the Church Committees, Associations, Unions, Societies, or other organizations of the League, or co-operating with it; to review the required readings; to promote by lectures, essays, or discussions a better knowledge and a higher appreciation of some phase of Church history, doctrine, usage, or activity; and to emphasize and illustrate the necessity of personal prayerful Scripture reading and study in order to intelligent, fervent, effective religious character and influence. *c.*) *Additional* Meetings may be held by appointment of the League to advance the various objects—spiritual, ecclesiastical, social, and literary—of the League.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

THE GAME OF "HANGING."

THIS game which bears so forbidding a title is by no means a dangerous pastime, and may be new to some of our readers. It is played as follows: One person kindly tries to "hang" another, who, of course, is anxious to escape the noose. The would-be executioner mentally selects some short proverb or quotation, and writes it out, indicating each letter by a dash, and separating words with a vertical line. Thus, if the proverb were, "A stitch in time saves nine," this would be the hangman's version:

– | – – – – – | – – | – – – – | – – – – – | – – – –.

Below this mysterious writing he draws a gallows something like this:

and declares every thing ready for a beginning.

"What letter will you have?" says the hangman.

"E," replies the intended victim.

The first player must write in his skeleton proverb one *e* in its proper place. It need not be the first *e*, however, but he may select the one which he thinks will give the least clue to the meaning of the proverb.

Of course, it is safest to ask for the vowels first, especially *a* and *e*. If the guesser asks for a letter which is not to be found in the proverb, the hangman with great satisfaction draws a head dangling from his gallows, and at the second failure a neck, then body, arms, etc. If the guesser can discover the quotation before all his limbs have been suspended on the gallows, he escapes "hanging," and smiles triumphantly at his baffled persecutor. The regular parts of the body allowed by the game are: Head, neck, body, legs, arms, feet, hands, and ears—8. If the executioner is particularly merciful he may allow eyes, nose, mouth, and any number of "buttons." The excitement of a narrow escape from capital punishment makes this a game of thrilling interest.

A WORD about athletic exercise. With all our clubs and athletic organizations we Americans, as a class, are inferior in physical development to our English cousins. To be sure, this is not a pleasant fact to contemplate just now when we are jubilant over the *Puritan's* victory, and ready to challenge old England to any contest, but we must reluctantly confess that the average American citizen cannot endure as much, run as long, nor jump as far, as the average subject of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

An American is early absorbed in business and politics. He thinks he gets all the exercise he needs in trying to keep up with the times. You cannot induce an American of over twenty-five to run for any thing but a ferry-boat, railway train, or a political office. The Englishman, on the contrary, is fond of exercise in the open country, of long walks, cricket, foot-ball, and boating. The English are a hardy race, and are to be envied for their strong, well-developed frames. In the case of Germany as well, the government, convinced of the importance of physical training, has established in most cities and towns in Germany public playgrounds for children, and employed teachers to instruct the little people in various exercises.

In the United States we have not the public play-grounds and government teachers, but it lies with the coming generation to raise the standard of bodily development in our country. To you, young gentlemen, OUR YOUTH recommends regular, varied and moderate athletic exercise. It must be regular or you will suffer from fatigue. Do not treat your muscles as the Irishman served his pig, feeding him one day and starving him the next, in order, as he declared, "To git a strake o' lean and a strake o' fat."

Exercise must be varied that the different parts of your body may be evenly and equally developed. There is a great deal of nonsense in the idea that to be an athlete one must train for one or two special things—a mile run or a 100 yards dash for instance. First of all bring the whole body into a thoroughly developed condition, then take up any one line for which you may have special adaptation, never neglecting, however, to keep up a good general training.

Exercise should be moderate or the object of it will be defeated. Excess, as in many other things which are good in themselves, is the great danger in athletics. The man who carried the calf up stairs every day until it grew to be a cow was not an American. An American probably would have tried to carry a cow the first day if he broke his back in the attempt. In your exercise, go slowly, increase gradually, and never overdo.

In your enthusiasm do not exalt athletic prowess above its proper sphere. Mind should always have a higher place than muscle. When this order is reversed we have "professionalism"—making the body earn its living by the mere display of its powers. This is to be most carefully avoided. In athletics, as in every thing else, be true gentlemen.

In this department of OUR YOUTH we shall give hints about various methods of exercise, describe games new and old, and record those athletic events which we think will interest vigorous, wide-awake young gentlemen of twelve years and upward.

HERE is a scale by which a boy of fifteen may judge his athletic ability. If he is ordinarily developed, he ought to,

Run a mile in 6 min. 30 sec.; a half-mile in 3 min.; a quarter-mile in 1 min. 10 sec.; 220 yards (1-8 mile) in 35 sec.; 100 yards in 13 1-2 sec. He ought to make a standing broad jump of 6 ft.; a running broad jump of 10 ft.; he ought to clear 2 ft. 9 in. in a standing high jump, and 3 ft. 6 in. with a run. These are not, of course, good records for these events; they are fair, but a boy of fifteen or sixteen ought to find no difficulty in beating them.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME is for those whose school-days have too early become work-days, and for all who wish to take a short, though we trust profitable, excursion through the world of knowledge.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME is quite unlike other schools. There are no hard benches, no long hours, no "keeping after school," no examinations under the sharp eye of a vigilant teacher. The secret of the school at home is this: The pupil is responsible not to another, but to himself. He is two persons in one, task-master and learner, will and intellect. His will says to his intellect, "See here, sir, learn this lesson in astronomy. You should have known it long ago. I am ashamed of you." So the intellect works away, urged on by the will, more exacting than any teacher. Without this impelling force, this determination to do and to be, a pupil can make no progress. Without a teacher school becomes an idling place.

The School at Home has a teacher for every pupil, an ambitious, energetic teacher we hope, who will keep each at work. You have influence with these teachers, these will-forces. You are young, your minds are active, your courage high. You are living in an age of wonderful progress; be ambitious to keep abreast of your times. Do not trudge along contentedly in the ever-deepening ruts of hum-drum, every-day life, when you may climb to higher ground, and have a broader outlook. If self education is difficult, it is all the more valuable from the discipline it gives. In this self-education *The School at Home* aims to give you wise direction and hearty encouragement, not leveling the "hill of knowledge," to be sure, but making it a gradual, pleasant and inviting ascent.

WHEN a railway company builds its road, it first lays a rough temporary track, over which to carry building materials and food for the workmen employed along the line. Over these rude rails the common freight and gravel trains jolt slowly and heavily. Gradually the old iron rails give place to steel, the ties are increased in number, the road ballasted; and soon magnificent passenger trains glide over a smooth track. The old track was a connection, to be sure, between the great city and the little town up among the hills a hundred miles away, but it could not compare for beauty, value, and speed with the new.

Language is the railway that connects each one of us with the outside world. Each one has a private track over which to send his ideas to the great thought market. Do your ideas come jolting into the world over a rough, neglected railway, or do they move smoothly on to their destination? Few persons have perfected "speechways." Too many seem contented with the rude and uneven rails laid, often without wise direction, in childhood and early youth. You have heard baby's tiny narrow-gauge trains of thought bumping along, meeting with countless disasters, and arriving in a most battered condition. You know what obstructions and washouts old farmer Johnson finds along his route, so that he often reaches his destination with very little freight, and that badly damaged, or he has to abandon his trip altogether. Are you willing through all the coming years to use the temporary track over which your thoughts are now jolted, or will you join a "Speech-railway Improvement Co." under the direction of our *School at Home?* We will learn how to make rough places smooth, to bridge chasms, to avoid dangerous curves, often taking for examples the well-laid roads of master-builders in our language.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME proposes to you a course in English, a study of our own language, spoken and written. Do not let the apparent familiarity of the subject blind you to its importance. There is a vast difference between the English which orders provisions of the grocer, and the English which moves an audience by its eloquence; between the business letter of daily life, and the inspiring song of the poet. Shall we be content to know the low-lands of our language, and leave the heights unexplored?

English holds the foremost place among the languages of men. Combining materials taken from many tongues, English is capable of expressing more varied ideas and finer shades of thought than any other language. It is the language of the most progressive and intelligent nations of the earth, and is rapidly making its way to every land. Only the other day a French scientist, M. de Candolle, published a paper designed to prove that English speech will become universal.

As civilization advances, mastery of language becomes more and more a power. There was a time when every gentleman felt it necessary to be a skillful swordsman; now ready, accurate, and graceful expression is a greater ornament than a sheathed rapier at the side, and a surer defense than the flashing steel of the drawn blade.

Yet, in seeking this mastery of language, we must not forget that after all expression is but the vehicle of thought, and that it matters little how one speaks if he has nothing to say.

Pope, in the following lines, shows the importance and the proper place of expression:

> "True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

And again:

> "But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
> Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
> It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
> Expression is the dress of thought, and still
> Appears more decent, as more suitable."

IN our next issue Prof. C. T. Winchester will have a paper, "When English Literature May be Said to Begin," which should be carefully read by all. In *The School at Home* we shall point out some things to be avoided in writing and speaking, and give a list of words which are often misused. This time we have met to organize, next week the work will begin in earnest.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

WHO is responsible for the ignorance, barbarism, superstition, poverty, disease, and general degradation of Spain, Italy, South Ireland, Mexico, and the French part of Montreal? Who knows? Who? Perhaps some Romish priest could tell if only he would.

IT is said that nine hundred and fifty farms in Iowa are owned by women. This is good for the women, for the farms, and for Iowa.

A LITTLE resolution, a little time, a little close attention, a little good English, carefully read every day, will soon give a youth a taste for the best literature, an enriched vocabulary, a love of knowledge, and the power of expressing himself with clearness and force.

EVEN though your education is limited and you "left school" some time ago, you may take up the study of English and change the current of your tastes and the intellectual habits of your lives.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME opens in this number. It rings the bell, calls the pupils to order, and introduces the principal, who gives a short address. Lessons will begin in the next number. Let every reader take these lessons and turn his home and shop into a school. You will never regret it.

ASK questions. OUR YOUTH will be glad to answer, if the editorial staff can think them out or trace them out.

OWN a dictionary, large or small, Webster, Worcester, The Imperial, or Stormonth. When you own it consult it on every possible occasion. Ask people how this word or that is pronounced. Then search. When in doubt about a spelling or pronunciation go to the dictionary.

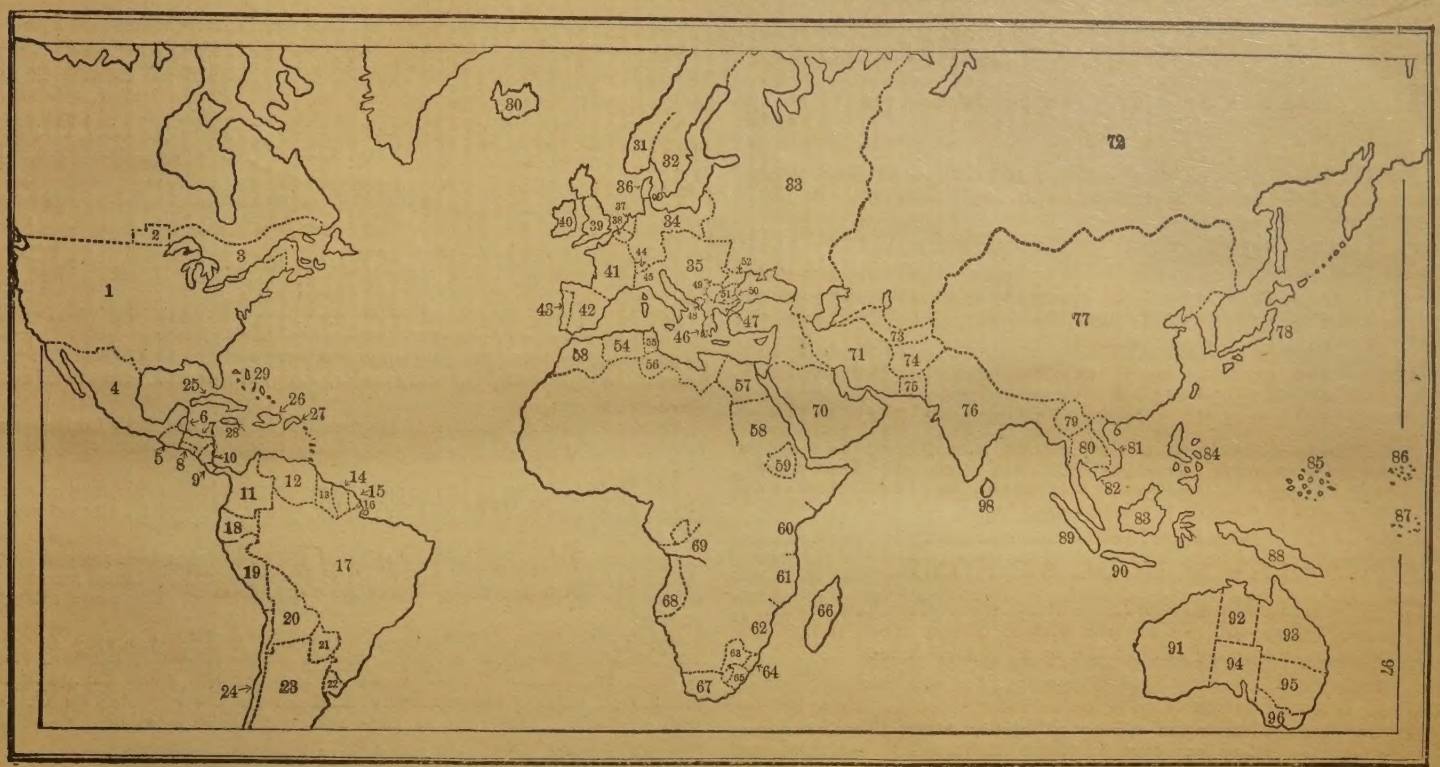
THE best place for young people (over fourteen years of age) on Sunday, after the regular Church service, is the "Assembly." Don't know what the "Assembly" is? Watch the future numbers of OUR YOUTH.

TEN pages read every week-day will make over three thousand one hundred and twenty pages a year, or more than ten volumes of three hundred pages each.

FOUR cents a day for every week-day during the year, saved from cigarettes or cigars, would pay for ten volumes of books thus read, at $1 25 per volume.

IN ten years such economy would give you a splendid library of one hundred standard volumes, to say nothing of the information, pleasure, and intellectual benefits to others to be derived from it.

PASTORS: We send you three copies of the first issue of OUR YOUTH, so that you and your superintendents may have an opportunity to judge of the merits of the paper. Will you not favor us by handing the copies to the superintendents?



THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

These columns are the results of an attempt to spread before our readers a bird's-eye view of the world as it is to-day. The countries described below may be found upon the map by reference to the numbers. The statistics have been prepared with care, and may be relied upon as recent and accurate. The Current Topics summarize, in a few words, the news of the past few months. The whole serves as a foundation for the News Notes, which will hereafter be one of the features of OUR YOUTH.

1. United States of America.—Area, 3,607,604 sq. miles; population, 50,152,866; government, Republic; ruler, President, Stephen Grover Cleveland, inaugurated March 4, 1885.

Current Topics: The fall elections for state and local offices.——Revolt against Chinese laborers in the North-west.——Labor troubles in Cleveland.——Mormon convictions in Utah.——Indian war with the Apaches.——Death of General U. S. Grant, ex-President.

2. Manitoba.—Area, 123,200 sq. miles; population, 65,954; government, province of Canada.

3. Dominion of Canada.—Area, 3,470,392 sq. miles; population, 4,324,810; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor-General, Marquis of Lansdowne, appointed August 18, 1883.

Current Topics: The small-pox is epidemic in the city of Montreal, where the opposition of the French Canadians to compulsory vaccination has caused serious riots.——Louis Riel, the rebel leader of the half-breeds, has been sentenced to death. The government is now considering petitions for his pardon.——Labrador is threatened with famine.

4. Mexico.—Area, 743,948 sq. miles; population, 10,006,882; government, Federal Republic; ruler, President, General Porfirio Diaz, inaugurated December 1, 1884.

Current Topics: The movement of the Republic is toward commercial development.——Railroads have been built and equipped by the aid of northern capital.——Floods and washouts are reported in several districts.——Mormon missionaries have been expelled.

5. Guatemala.—Area, 40,830 sq. miles; population, 1,278,311; government, nominally a Republic, rather a military oligarchy; ruler, President, Gen. Barillas, 1885.

Current Topics: War with San Salvador early in the year, in which President Barrios lost his life.——A recent attempt at insurrection has been frustrated by strong measures.

6. British Honduras.—Dependency of Great Britain.

7. Honduras.—Area, 39,600 sq. miles; population, 458,000; government, Republic; ruler, President, General Luis Bogran, elected November 27, 1883.

8. San Salvador.—Area, 7,225 sq. miles; population, 554,785; government, Republic; ruler, President, Dr. R. Zaldivar y Lazo, re-elected 1884.

9. Costa Rica.—Area, 26,040 sq. miles; population, 185,000; government, Republic; ruler, President, General Pedro Fernandez, elected Aug. 10, 1884.

10. Nicaragua.—Area, 49,500 sq. miles; population, 275,815; government, Republic; ruler, President, Dr. Adam Cardenas, elected 1883.

11. United States of Colombia.—Area, 504,773 sq. miles; population, 4,000,000; government, Republic; ruler, President, Rafael Nunez, chosen 1884.

Current Topics: There have been several serious insurrections on the Isthmus of Panama. Peace has been restored.

12. United States of Venezuela.—Area, 632,695 sq. miles; population, 2,121,988; government, Republic; ruler, President, General Joaquin Crespo, chosen 1884.

13, 14, 15, 16. British, Dutch, and French Guiana. Area, British, 85,425 sq. miles; Dutch, 45,000 sq. miles; French, 27,335 sq. miles. Population, British, 257,473; Dutch, 65,329; French, 45,000; government, dependencies of the countries whose names they bear.

17. Brazil.—Area, 3,275,326 sq. miles; population, 12,002,978; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, Emperor, Dom Pedro II. de Alcantara, succeeded April 7, 1831.

Current Topics: The Brazilian Parliament has decided upon gradual emancipation of the million and a half of slaves in the country.

18. Ecuador.—Area, 248,370 sq. miles; population, 946,033; government, Republic; ruler, President, José Maria Placido Caamaño, 1884.

Current Topics: A rebellion against the government has been put down.

19. Peru.—Area, 483,847 sq. miles; population, 2,679,945; government, Republic; ruler, President, General Iglesias, 1883.

Current Topics: A revolution is in progress under the leadership of General Caceres.——The state is in an unsettled condition resulting from the disastrous war with Chili two years ago.

20. Bolivia.—Area, 500,740 sq. miles; population, 2,311,000; government, Republic; ruler, President, Don Gregorio Pacheco, 1884.

21. Paraguay.—Area, 91,970 sq. miles; population, 346,048; government, Republic; ruler, President, B. Caballero, since November 25, 1882.

22. Uruguay.—Area, 73,538 sq. miles; population, 438,245; government, Republic; ruler, President, General Maximo Santos, since 1882.

Current Topics: Trade in grazing products is increasing enormously.——Immigration is large.

23. Argentine Republic.—Area, 1,125,086 sq. miles; population, 3,026,000; government, Republic; ruler, President, General J. A. Roca, inaugurated October 12, 1880.

Current Topics: Trade is good, and the population increasing rapidly by immigration from Italy, Spain, and France.

24. Chili.—Area, 256,399 sq. miles; population, 2,377,950; government, Republic; ruler, President, Domingo Santa-Maria, since September 18, 1881.

25. Cuba. Area, 43,220 sq. miles; population, 1,521,684; government, dependency of Spain; ruler, Governor and Captain-General, R. F. y Izquierda.

Current Topics: The crops of sugar and tobacco are the best ever raised.——Money is being sent from Havana to relieve the cholera sufferers in Spain.——The insurrection of Sanchez has been mercilessly crushed.

26. (1) Hayti and (2) Dominican Republic.—1. HAYTI, area, 10,204 sq. miles; population, 572,000; government, Republic; ruler, President, General Salomon, elected 1879.

2. DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, area, 18,045 sq. miles; population, 350,000; government, Republic; ruler, President, General Francisco Bellini, elected July, 1884.

27. Porto Rico.—Area, 3,550 sq. miles; population, 754,313; government, dependency of Spain; ruler, Governor-General, L. D. y Ramirez de Arellano.

28. Jamaica.—Area, 4,193 sq. miles; population, 580,804; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Captain-General, Sir H. W. Norman.

29. Bahama Islands.—Area, 5,390 sq. miles; population, 43,521; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, H. U. Blake.

30. Iceland.—Area, 39,756 sq. miles; population, 72,445; government, dependency of Denmark; ruler, Governor, B. O. Thorberg.

31, 32. Norway and Sweden.—Area, Norway, 122,869 sq. miles; Sweden, 170,979 sq. miles—total, 293,848. Population, Norway, 1,806,900; Sweden, 4,603,595—total, 6,410,495; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, Oscar II., succeeded September 18, 1872.

33. Russia.—Area, Europe, 2,041,402 sq. miles; Asia, 6,479,235 sq. miles—total, 8,520,637. Population, Europe, 86,021,185; Asia, 16,166,399—total, 102,187,584; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Czar, Alexander Alexandrovitch III., succeeded March 13, 1881.

Current Topics: The police of Warsaw have discovered a plot for the assassination of the Czar.——The Nihilists are said to be eager for a foreign war in order that their schemes for insurrection may have a less guarded field at home.——Troops have been massed on the Roumanian frontier in anticipation of an outbreak.——It is stated that the Czar is to be crowned at Samarcand next year as "Emperor of Central Asia."

34. German Empire.—Area, 212,028 sq. miles; population, 45,234,061; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, Emperor, William I., crowned January 18, 1871.

Current Topics: Germany is planting colonies in Africa, New Guinea, and Polynesia.——In the Caroline Islands her claims conflict with those of Spain, and the disputed ownership has been referred to the Pope for settlement.——As one of the parties to the Treaty of Berlin, Germany took part in the conference at Constantinople upon the Roumelian trouble.——Orders have been issued for the expulsion of the Poles from Prussia.

35. Austria-Hungary.—Area, 265,190 sq. miles; population, 38,967,144; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, Emperor, Francis Joseph II., crowned December 2, 1848.

Current Topics: Changes are to be made in the army laws in order to put Austrian military service on an equality with that of her neighbors.——As a signer of the Berlin Treaty, and a neighbor, Austria is interested in the Roumelian question.——The nation is angry with Prussia on account of the expulsion of Austrian Poles from that country.

36. Denmark.—Area, 13,784 sq. miles; population, 1,969,454; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, King, Christian IX., crowned November 15, 1863.

Current Topics: The king has for some time persisted in choosing his ministers from the conservative minority of the Parliament, and has thus gained the enmity of the people. They demand that he shall give up the throne to his son Frederick.——Prince Waldemar, the youngest son of the king, recently married the Princess Marie of Orleans, niece of the Count of Paris, the head of the royal house of France.

37. The Netherlands.—Area, 12,648 sq. miles; population, 4,225,065; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, King, William III., crowned March 17, 1849.

Current Topics: The laws for the suppression of Socialism meet with opposition. Several convictions have been made, but the trials have stirred up serious riots in Amsterdam.——The Mormons are doing successful missionary work in this country, and the authorities have not interfered with them.

38. Belgium.—Area, 11,373 sq. miles; population, 5,655,197; government, Constitutional Monarchy ; ruler, King, Leopold II., crowned December 10, 1865.

Current Topics: An International Exposition is being held at Antwerp.——The Belgians have been the principal agents in the recent exploration of the Congo and the founding of the Free State.——A law putting the schools under Romanist supervision has aroused great popular indignation.

39, 40. Great Britain and Ireland.—Area, 120,832 sq. miles; population, 35,241,482. COLONIES: Area, 8,460,724 sq. miles; population, 268,764,057; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, Queen, Victoria, succeeded June 20, 1837.

Current Topics: Land troubles have broken out afresh in Ireland.——The elections for the new Parliament will take place in November, and the campaign is at its height.——Monster Socialist demonstrations have threatened trouble, but have taken place quietly.——England takes a share in the Roumelian conference.——Beatrice, the Queen's youngest daughter, has married the German Prince, Henry of Battenberg.——The Afghan boundary dispute has been temporarily settled.

41. France.—Area, 204,092 sq. miles; population, 37,672,048; government, Republic; ruler, President, Jules Grévy, chosen January 30, 1879.

Current Topics: The cholera has spread from Marseilles over the south of France, causing many deaths in Marseilles and Toulon.——Peace between France and China was signed in May, the Chinese giving up the province of Tonquin. The province is troubled by rebels.——A French fleet is blockading Madagascar.——The general elections occurred Oct. 4, resulting in the defeat of the ministry.

42. Spain.—Area, 197,767 sq. miles; population, 17,034,915; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, King, Alfonso XII., succeeded Dec. 30, 1874.

Current Topics: The king, who has been very ill, is regaining his health.——The cholera has raged in Spain at the rate of 5,000 cases a day, and is still prevalent.——Spain disputes the German claim to the Caroline Islands, but a peaceable solution seems near.——There have been rumors of revolution on account of the king's German sympathies.

43. Portugal.—Area, 36,510 sq. miles; population, 4,708,178; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, King, Luis I., succeeded Nov. 11, 1861.

Current Topics: It is reported that the government is purchasing large numbers of slaves on the African coast, for use upon the coffee plantations of the colonies.

44. Switzerland.—Area, 15,892 sq. miles; population, 2,872,902; government, Federal Republic; ruler, President, Charles Schenck, 1885.

Current Topics: An association has been formed for the purpose of planting colonies under the Swiss flag.——Floods in the Rhine valley.

45. Italy.—Area, 114,410 sq. miles; population, 28,459,628; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, King, Humbert I., crowned Jan. 9, 1878.

Current Topics: The cholera has prevailed in Italy and Sicily for two years, causing great suffering.——The agricultural laborers have been engaged in a strike.

46. Greece.—Area, 25,111 sq. miles; population, 2,067,000; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, King, George I., elected March 18, 1863.

Current Topics: The national spirit of the Greeks has been aroused by the Roumelian annexation, and there is a loud demand at Athens for an increase of territory by the annexation of Macedonia. The army is being made ready for possible war.

47. Turkey.—Area, European, 123,100; Asiatic, 729,170; African, 1,550,000—total, 2,412,270 sq. miles. Population, European, 8,650,000; Asiatic, 16,173,000; African, 17,400,000—total, 42,223,000; government, Constitutional Monarchy (nominal); ruler, Sultan, Abdul-Hamid-Khan II., succeeded Aug. 31, 1876.

Current Topics: The tributary state of East Roumelia has been annexed by Bulgaria. The Turkish government is powerless to suppress the revolt, except at the bidding of the other European powers.——A new cabinet has just been appointed.

48. Montenegro.—Area, 3,550 sq. miles; population, 250,000; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Prince, Nicholas I., proclaimed Aug. 14, 1860.

Current Topics: Deep interest in the settlement of the Turkish problem.

49. Servia.—Area, 18,800 sq. miles; population, 1,865,683; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, King, Milan Obrenovitch I., proclaimed Prince, 1868; King, March 6, 1882.

Current Topics: Servia claims part of Macedonia from Turkey, and is preparing an army for possible war.

50. Eastern Roumelia.—Area, 13,500 sq. miles; population, 850,000; government, Autonomy of Turkey; united with Bulgaria; ruler, Turkish Governor, Gabriel Pasha; Provisional Governor, Strausky.

Current Topics: The whole world is talking about this little province in whose capital occurred a bloodless revolution, Sept. 18.——Union with Bulgaria was proclaimed. By this act the Eastern Question was re-opened.——A conference of the Powers is trying to compose the outbreak.

51. Bulgaria.—Area, 24,360 sq. miles; population, 2,007,919; government, Principality (tributary to Turkey); ruler, Prince, Alexander I., elected April 29, 1879.

Current Topics: The union of the state with Eastern Roumelia has been proclaimed, and the Prince is endeavoring to secure the approval of Europe for the annexation. The army is ready for war.

52. Roumania.—Area, 48,307 sq. miles; population, 5,376,000; government, Constitutional Monarchy; ruler, King, Charles I., proclaimed Prince, 1866; crowned King, May 22, 1881.

Current Topics: The Roumanian army is ready for action in case of a general war in south-eastern Europe.

53. Morocco.—Area, 219,000 sq. miles; population, 2,750,000; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Sultan, Muley-Hassan, succeeded Sept. 17, 1873.

54. Algeria.—Area, 122,877 sq. miles; population, 3,310,412; government, dependency of France; ruler, Governor-General, M. Louis Tierman, appointed Nov. 26, 1881.

55. Tunis.—Area, 42,000 sq. miles; population, 2,100,000; government, French protectorate; ruler, Sidi Ali Bey, succeeded Oct. 28, 1882.

56. Tripoli.—Area, 398,873 sq. miles; population, 1,000,000; government, province of Turkey.

Current Topics: There is a rumor that Italy will seize Tripoli, and that the Turkish government has strengthened the garrisons.

57. Egypt.—Area, 394,240 sq. miles; population, 6,806,381; government, dependency of Turkey, under English protection; ruler, Khedive, Mohammed Tewfik, succeeded June 26, 1879.

Current Topics: The English troops have been withdrawn, but the rebellion in the south still continues.

58. Soudan, Nubia, etc.—Area, 1,026,280 sq. miles; population, 11,000,000; government, this vast region was claimed by Egypt, until the recent revolt, but was abandoned January, 1885.

Current Topics: The abandonment of the Soudan left an Egyptian garrison at Kassala. This place is besieged by the Arabs, and an army of Abyssinians is now attempting its relief. It is reported that the Arabs have been defeated.

59. Abyssinia.—Unorganized.

60. Zanzibar.—Area, not well defined; population, 200,000; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Sultan, Bargash Bin Said, succeeded October 7, 1870.

Current Topics: Germany has just planted an inland colony west of Zanzibar, and has acquired from the Sultan a strip of the coast line one hundred miles in length.

61. Mozambique.—Area, 382,683 sq. miles; population, 350,000; government, dependency of Portugal.

62. Sofala.—Dependency of Portugal.

63. South African Republic (Transvaal).—Area, 114,360 sq. miles; population, 700,000; government, Republic, nominally under British protection; ruler, President, S. J. Paul Krüger, elected April, 1883.

64. Natal.—Area, 21,150 sq. miles; population, 418,731; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Sir Henry E. Bulwer, January, 1882.

65.—Caffraria.

66. Madagascar.—Area, 228,500 sq. miles; population, 3,500,000; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Queen, Ranavalona III., succeeded January, 1883.

Current Topics: France claims a protective right over the northern part of the island, and has tried to enforce it by arms for two years, without success. The latest news is a report of a French defeat.

67. Cape of Good Hope.—Area, 229,815 sq. miles; population, 1,027,168; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Sir H. S. R. Robinson, appointed 1880.

68. Portuguese Possessions.—Area, 312,509 sq. miles; population, 2,000,000; government, dependency of Portugal.

69. Congo Free State.—Area, 1,508,200 sq. miles; population, 42,608,000; government, an international association; ruler, Governor, Sir Francis De Winton, 1885.

Current Topics: This is probably the youngest state on the globe, having been founded at a conference in Berlin, February 26, 1885.——Its flag is blue with a single star in the center.——Free trade is proclaimed, but liquor and breech-loading fire-arms are excluded.

70. Arabia.—Unorganized.

71. Persia.—Area, 610,000 sq. miles; population, 7,653,600; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Shah, Nasar-ed-Din, succeeded September 10, 1848.

72, 73. Russian Possessions.—Area, 6,479,235 sq. miles; population, 16,166,399.

74. Afghanistan.—Area, 279,000 sq. miles; population, 4,000,000; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Yakoob Khan.

Current Topics: Russia claimed a portion of Afghan territory early in 1885, thus rousing the jealousy of England. War seemed imminent, but Russia has given up the greater part of her claim and the boundary is now being peaceably defined.

75. Beloochistan.—Area, 106,000 sq. miles; population, 1,000,000.

76. British India.—Area, 1,383,504 sq. miles; population, 253,906,449; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Sir F. T. Blackwood, Earl of Dufferin, appointed October 28, 1884.

Current Topics: There have been destructive floods in Bengal in early autumn. ——War is threatened with the King of Burmah.——Mormon missions have been unsuccessful.

77. China.—Area, 4,419,150 sq. miles; population, 371,180,000; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Emperor, Hwangti, succeeded January 22, 1875.

Current Topics: Troops are said to be assembling for the invasion of Annam. ——A loan of $40,000,000 has been contracted for building railways.

78. Japan.—Area, 148,456 sq. miles; population, 36,700,118; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, Mikado, Mutsu Hito, succeeded 1867.

Current Topics: Prince Fushimi, brother of the Mikado, is in France, and is coming to America to study our constitution.——There are many cases of cholera and small-pox in Japan.

79. Burmah.—Area, 190,500 sq. miles; population, 3,000,000; government, Absolute Monarchy; ruler, King, Theebaw, succeeded 1878.

Current Topics: The new treaty with France has injured British trade to such an extent that a war with England is likely to occur.——The Governor of India proposes to annex Burmah.——The cholera prevails.

80. Siam.—Area, 250,000 sq. miles; population, 6,000,000; government, Limited Monarchy; ruler, King, Chulalonkorn I., succeeded October 1, 1868.

81. Annam and Tonquin.—Area, 170,000 sq. miles; population, 14,000,000; government, Empire, under French protection; ruler, King, Channong, 1885.

Current Topics: The French troops in Tonquin are harassed by insurgents known as Black Flags. 20,000 Christians have been massacred.

82. Cochin China.—Area, 59,458 sq. miles; population, 1,594,497; government, dependency of France.

83. Borneo.—Area, 203,714 sq. miles; population, 969,028; government, dependency of Netherlands.

84. Philippine Islands.—Area, 114,326 sq. miles; population, 5,561,232; government, dependency of Spain.

85. Caroline Islands.—Area, 560 sq. miles; population, 36,000; government, dependency of Spain.

Current Topics: During the past summer a German fleet seized these islands. Spain made ready to defend her claim by force, and war was avoided only by the friendly action of the German Emperor.

86. Marshall Islands.—Dependency of Spain.

87. Fiji Islands.—Area, 8,034 sq. miles; population, 127,095; government, dependency of Great Britain.

88. Papua (New Guinea).—Area, 250,000 sq. miles; population, unknown.

Current Topics: The British colony of Queensland claims this almost unknown island, and has sent an exploring expedition to ascertain its value. The German flag has been raised on the north-eastern coast. and a German expedition is *en route* to the newly acquired territory.

89, 90. Sumatra and Java.—Area, Sumatra, 62,482 sq. miles; Java, 50,848 sq. miles—total, 113,330. Population, Sumatra, 1,291,836; Java, 20,259,450—total, 21,551,286; government, dependencies of the Netherlands.

91. Western Australia.—Area, 975,920 sq. miles; population, 31,233; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Sir F. N. Broome, appointed 1882.

92, 94. South Australia.—Area, 903,690 sq. miles; population, 304,515; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Sir William Robinson, 1882.

NOTE.—Alexandra Land (92) was annexed to South Australia 1863.

93. Queensland.—Area, 668,224 sq. miles; population, 301,577; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave, April, 1883.

Current Topics: This colony has recently annexed the south-eastern portion of New Guinea.

95. New South Wales.—Area, 309,175 sq. miles; population, 869,310; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Lord Loftus, appointed 1879.

96. Victoria.—Area, 87,884 sq. miles; population, 931,790; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Sir Henry B. Loch, appointed April, 1884.

97. New Zealand.—Area, 104,027 sq. miles; population, 540,887; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Lieutenant-General Sir Drummond Jervois, 1882.

98. Ceylon.—Area, 25,364 sq. miles; population, 2,761,396; government, dependency of Great Britain; ruler, Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, appointed 1883.

BEST BOOKS.

IN these days of abundant cheap and sensational literature the important question continually arises: What books shall our young people read? Under the department of Best Books OUR YOUTH will notice those books which, in the Editor's judgment, are entirely safe, elevating, entertaining, and in every way desirable. We do not propose to give mere lists of suitable Sunday-school books, although no book commended in this column will be out of place in a Sunday-school library in either its secular or religious department. We shall keep in mind the fireside as well as the Church library, and seek to introduce to our young readers the books that will do them most good.

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—"Jest and youthful jollity" may be on the last page, but "He that laughs last laughs best," you know.

—A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker.

—A very deaf old gentleman was walking near a railroad track as a locomotive passed, whistling loudly. The old man, with a happy smile on his face, turned to his companion and said, "Wal, I declare, that's the first robin I've heard this spring."

—Every boy who has a boat has by this time changed its name to "Puritan," and those who have not are making boats to fit the name. Every loyal American boy must have a "Puritan."

—A Sandusky mother recently reproved her three-year-oldster for eating icicles. The analytical infant replied: "I didn't eat 'em, mamma; I only sucked the juice out of 'em."

—"Johnnie, I hear you have been vaccinated. Did it take?"
"Yes, mum."
"Much?"
"Two dollars."

—General statements sometimes lead to embarrassing particulars. The following dialogue is reported from a Brooklyn Chinese mission class by the "Detroit Free Press:"
Chinaman: "Does God love me?"
Teacher: "Yes."
"Do you love every one?"
"Yes."
"Do you love me?"
"Y-y-yes."
"Will you mally me?"
There was no direct answer to this question, but the teacher has since changed her pupil for a Chinaman of a less logical turn of mind.

—"Bobby," said his mother, "there are two pieces of cake in the closet, one for you and one for Gracie. The one on the lower shelf is for you."
Bobby broke for the closet, and presently returned.
"You said that the piece on the upper shelf was for me, didn't you?" he asked of his mother.
"No," she replied, "that is Gracie's. The piece on the lower shelf is yours."
"Well, I'm very sorry, mamma, but I ate Gracie's. But I'll tell you what I'll do," and a generous light shone in the little boy's clear eyes, "as soon as Gracie comes home I'll give her part of mine."—*New York Times.*

—Jack wanted to convince his old-fashioned uncle that a bicycle was a practical and useful machine, and to that end offered to carry a basket of eggs home for him. Poor Jack met with a "header," but was consoled by his uncle, who said, "It aint a success fur carrying eggs, Jack, but it makes an omelette fust rate."

—There is one less Digger Indian in California than there was a week ago. He bit off the end of a dynamite cartridge. There is also one less dynamite cartridge.

—"What language do the Arabs speak, father?" asked Johnnie.
"Arabic," my son.
"Well, if an Arab lost all his teeth would he talk gum Arabic?"

—"Who made you?" a small girl was asked. "God made me that length" (indicating with her hands the length of a new-born infant), "and I growed the rest myself," replied the infant heretic.

—This race was sailed in the nursery tub,
The rival sailors were Molly and Jack;
The soap-dish sported the flag of the Hub,
While the match-box floated the Union Jack.

'Twas Puritan weather, and all went well
Till Jack gave vent to an awful sneeze,
Which roused in the bay such a roaring swell
That both craft sank in the terrible breeze.

In this moment of horror the plug came out,
And the crews, which were matches, one by one,
Went dancing merrily down the spout,
Thus saying good-bye to the children's fun.

And down on the little ones, tired and wet,
Scarce able to say which was feeling worse,
Came the Judges' boat with her spanker set;
The children fled, for they knew their nurse.

What Our Youth Promises.

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY is a story by a chaplain of the United States Navy (a Methodist Episcopal clergyman), who gives this tale of the sea from recent personal observation.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE, by Dr. Abel Stevens, will run through several months, and will contain a world of information delightfully told. Dr. Stevens has been a resident in Switzerland for several years.

LETTERS FROM LONDON, by Mrs. Emma Dixon (Emma Leslie), will give an account of the great city, its parks, museums, gardens, palaces, etc. Mrs. Dixon now resides in London.

NO is a new serial story by the widely known author, Rose Terry Cooke, which will begin in January, and continue for several months.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE for young people, by Prof. C. T. Winchester, of Middletown, Conn., will be a useful and attractive feature of OUR YOUTH for 1886.

AMUSEMENTS AT HOME.—To the question, How may young people enjoy themselves at home in a wise and safe way? several writers have given answer. OUR YOUTH will publish these communications, including a lovely story by Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy), and an account of "A Hobby Party," by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson.

THE department of Recreation will contain hints and suggestions by which our readers may fight that little fiend "Nothing-to-do."

JEST AND YOUTHFUL JOLLITY will be devoted to humorous paragraphs and anecdotes. Humor has a large place in current literature and in every-day life, and it is important that young people should learn to distinguish between what is flippant, disrespectful, and cynical, and what is sincere, legitimate, and in a true sense humorous. OUR YOUTH will aim to observe the law involved in this distinction.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD will contain a summary of the *news* of the week. The *news* will be treated promptly, accurately, and with such explanations, geographical, historical, and literary, as will transform the meager telegrams of the daily newspaper into a portion of the living history of our own time. The various topics which may arise under this head will be so treated as to be available, also, for a reading lesson in the schools. It is our aim in this department to interest young people in the outside world by showing that each day's doings constitute a real portion of the long story of the world in which all men are characters, and to the enrichment of which the poets and authors of all ages have contributed. Short biographical sketches will be given when necessary, and by notes of reference to the best books, the reader will be placed in control of a wide and useful knowledge of the news topics of the day.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME will give brief lessons in history, literature, and science; present descriptions of modern inventions and discoveries; pay attention to ethics in the every-day life of our readers; and will aim in every possible way to build up symmetrical character among the youth of our Church and times.

OUR OWN CHURCH will give an account of the history, doctrines, and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with directions for organizing and conducting the "Oxford League," and articles designed to promote spiritual life.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY will give practical phases of the weekly Sunday-school lesson.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL topics will be considered from week to week in special editorials, and in articles by leading Sunday-school workmen. Every Sunday-school teacher should take OUR YOUTH. Among these promised Sunday-school articles are the following:

"Sunday-school and the Children."
"Sunday-school and the Young People."
"Sunday-school Teaching."
"Sunday-school Governing."
"Sunday-school Singing."
"Sunday-school Literature."
"Sunday-school and the Pastor," etc., etc.